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Archival Notes ASPECTS History Quiz Mystery Challenge

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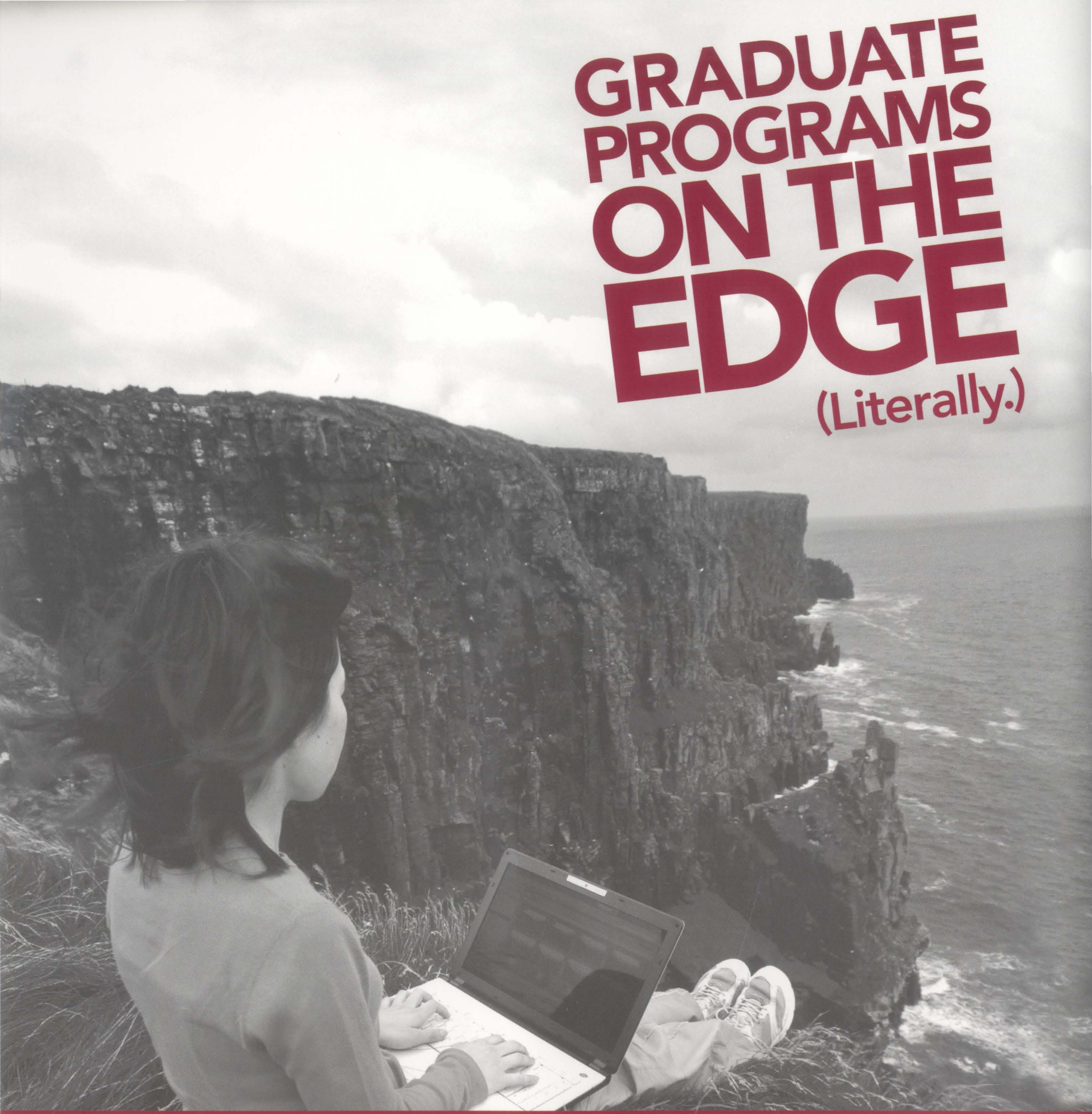
GRADUATE PROGRAMS ON THE EDGE

(Literally.)



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NQ Newfoundland Quarterly

Founded 1901 by John J. Evans
Volume 102 Number 2, 2009 Issue #433

It is our creative ability that ensures our survival as a recognizable people and culture, and enables us also to contribute to the enrichment of the nation of which we form a distinctive part.

– George M. Story

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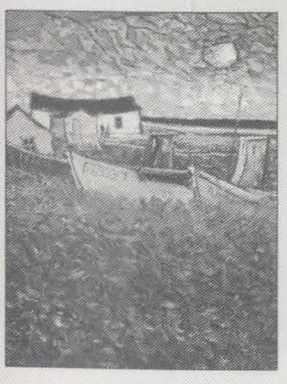

Win the Cover!
Detail from *Barr'd Harbour*, by Jean Claude Roy (2008), oil on canvas. See page 24 for details.

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EDITORIAL

What is the classic Newfoundland recipe? Let us contemplate "A cup of tea in the woods." Here are some citations:

Photo: T. Mackenzie

On a warm July morning a line of people weave their way toward an unstable wharf where a skiff waits to be boarded. They hand bags of supplies down the line and store them in the hold. A Coleman stove, an iron pot, a kettle, a guitar, cases of beer, potatoes, homemade bread, codfish and crab legs make up part of the provisions.

After three trips, everyone has landed safely on the beach.

Each passenger takes a bag from the dory and lays the provisions around a smooth, flat rock, a perfect stand for the Coleman stove.

The boil-up has begun.

The boil-up continuum: traversing time, age, gender and space.

The *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* defines a boil-up as "a brew of tea, and sometimes a snack, often taken during a rest from work in the country or on a vessel." As a child growing up during the 1970s and 1980s in the small Irish catholic fishing community of Cape Broyle…a settlement of 700…I was well aware of these types of boil-ups. I would watch my father preparing to go into the woods to hunt or cut wood, noticing the items which he would pack into his knapsack. He would include food for the break which he would inevitably take during his work, always making sure his sack held a kettle, mug, spoon, fork, knife, container of milk, as well as one of sugar, and tea bags. Sometimes he would have salt fish, a can of beans and homemade bread…

The boil-up has also been incorporated into leisure pursuits such as weekend outings…a component of both work and play…a means of identifying communal lands and the conceptual boundaries of home…boil-ups have become important as symbolic expressions and vital enactments of Newfoundland's distinctive culture and society…

-Andrea O'Brien, "'There's nothing like a cup of tea in the woods': continuity, community and cultural validation in rural Newfoundland boil-ups," *Ethnologies*, Annual, 1999.

Or consider this assessment from the late writer and sportsman Len Rich:

Not long ago I was looking through some old videotaped segments of the *Newfoundland Outdoorsman* TV show, where Lloyd Colbourne and his ever-ready companion Bryce were always on the go somewhere in the province.

The one thing I noticed was that the boys were well fed. It seemed Bryce was stopping three or four times during the show to "put on the kettle", while Lloyd took a look around to scout the country, or let drift with a lure or two on a nearby pond while poor old Bryce pitched camp.

In this province, a camp boil-up is a real tradition when it comes to a trip in the woods. Things just wouldn't be the same without that little break to put on the kettle and relax, bask in the warmth of a summer sun, and enjoy Nature while sipping on a cup of tea and having a little snack to keep up the energy level.

Isn't it strange how much better everything tastes if cooked in the great outdoors?

Now I ask you, if you were just lazing around the house when the hunger pangs hit and you felt like something filling and tasty, how many times would you rush to the cupboard to grab a tin of beans laced with a bit of soggy pork? The next time you feel like a snack, would you search for a tin of smoked kippers floating in a sea of oil? How about a small tin of cocktail wieners or some Scandinavian sardines?

I doubt if these delightful dishes would top your normal list of menu selections, yet they are popular items for a trip into the country, a day of fishing, a canoe excursion, a hike to the top of Gros Morne, or even a day of darting up and down the old railway bed in the trike.

-tripod.com/len_rich

The custom even makes an appearance in an American classic:

"We are used to roughing it," said Mrs. Bobbsey, with a smile. "We like it, and the children think there is no better fun than camping out."

"Just bought you folks some sandwiches and a pot of tea," [the cook] said.

"There's enough for all of you…Now, then, Mrs. Bobbsey, you'll have a cup of tea, I know," and he poured out a cup that smelled very good.

-Laura Lee Hope, *The Bobbsey Twins in the Great West*

As these examples, and our theme articles within, suggest, cuisine is more than food and diet and recipes, it is also connection and protection and pleasure. *Bon appetit*!

A taste OF NEWFOUNDLAND CUISINE

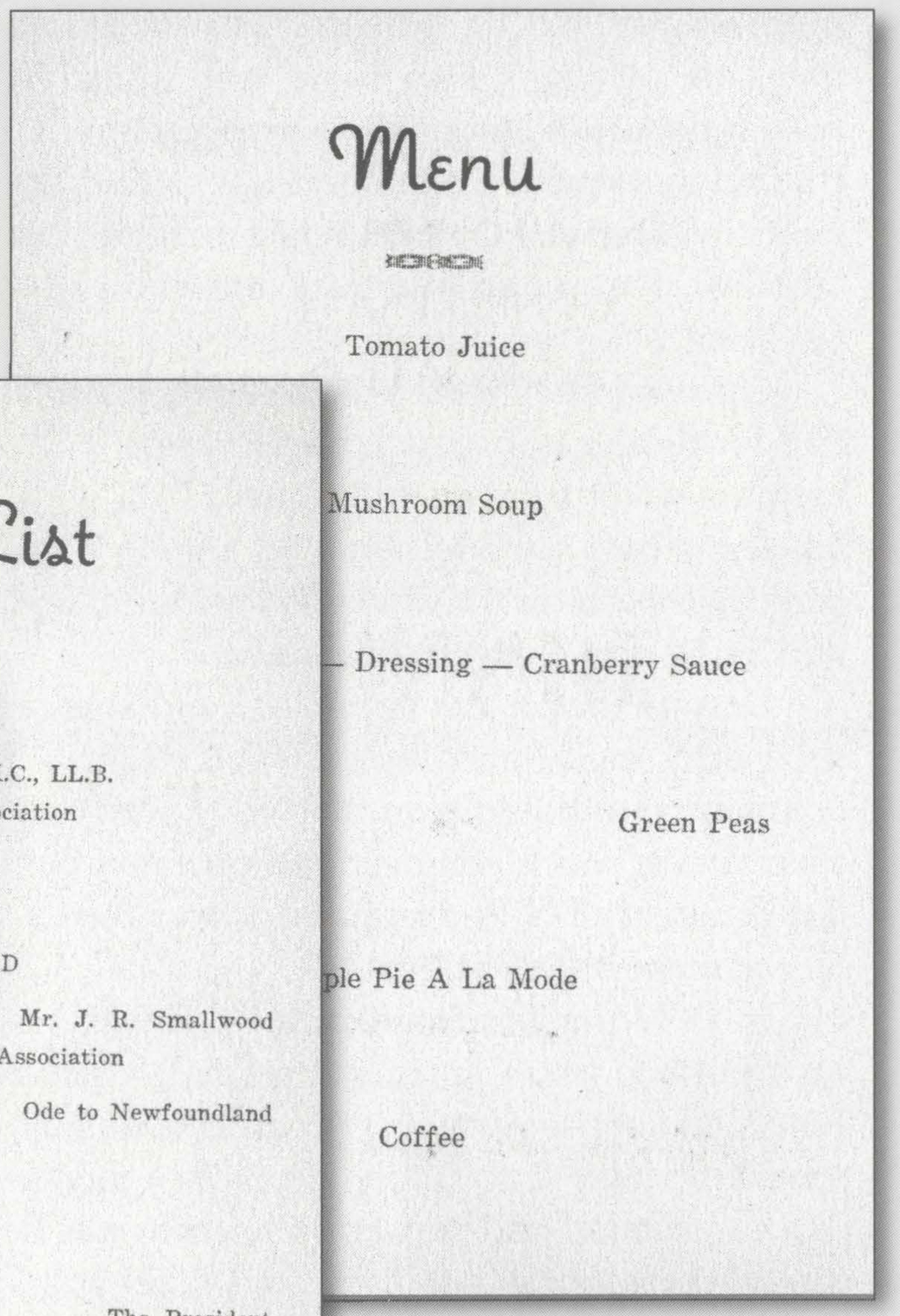
Sample Menus

BY LINDA WHITE

Memorial University of Newfoundland

Memorial University moved from Parade Street to its new 120-acre campus on Elizabeth Avenue during the summer of 1961. The official opening of the new campus took place on October 9th and 10th, with great fanfare. Honorary degrees were awarded to Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the former President of the United States, and Newfoundland Premier J.R. Smallwood. The campus consisted of four buildings: Arts and Administration, Physical Education, Science and Engineering, and the Library.

The following is the menu for the Banquet:



Menu

Tomato Juice

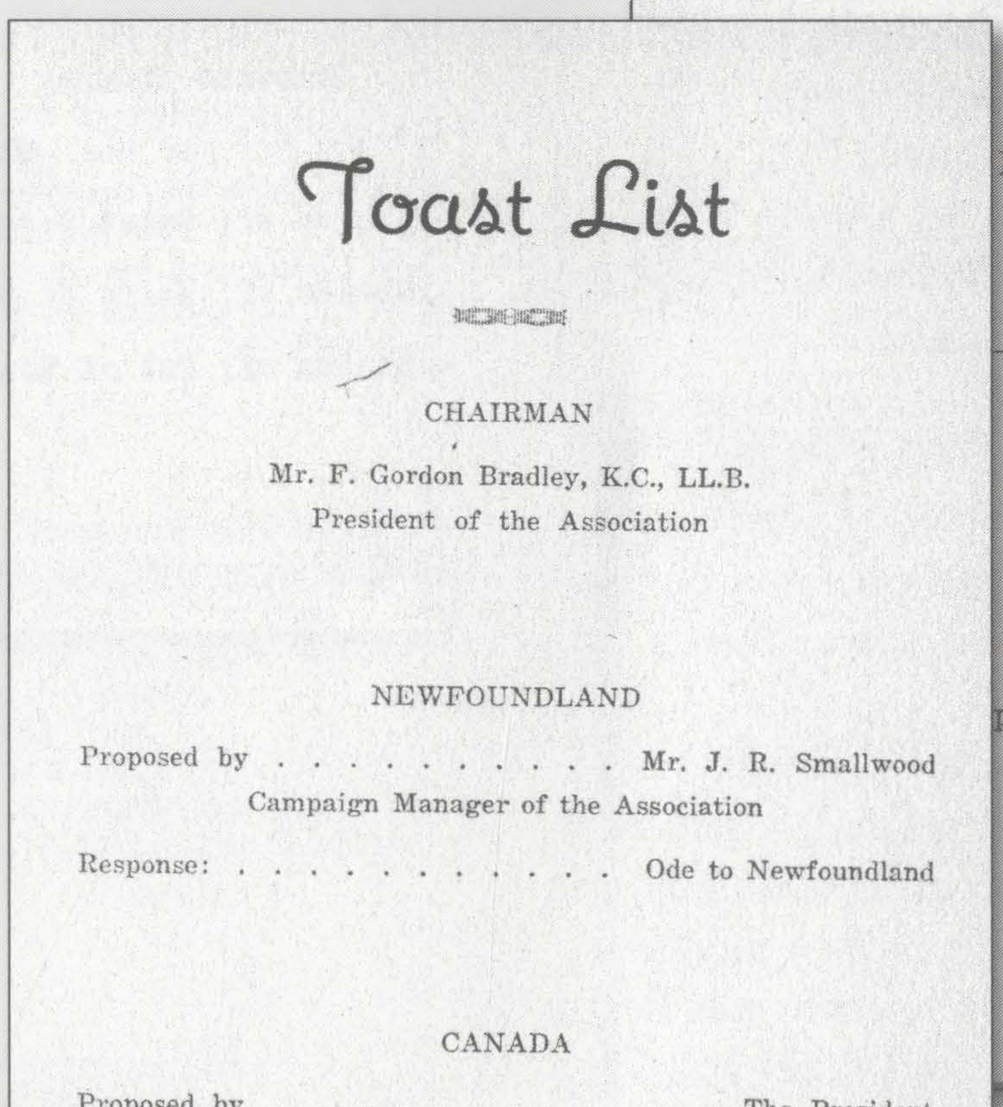
Mushroom Soup

— Dressing — Cranberry Sauce

Green Peas

ple Pie A La Mode

Coffee



Toast List

CHAIRMAN

Mr. F. Gordon Bradley, K.C., LL.B.
President of the Association

NEWFOUNDLAND

Proposed by . . . . . Mr. J. R. Smallwood
Campaign Manager of the Association

Response: . . . . . Ode to Newfoundland

CANADA

Proposed by . . . . . The President

Response: . . . . . O Canada

REPORTS FROM THE COUNTRY

Newfoundland Hotel, Menu, MF-266

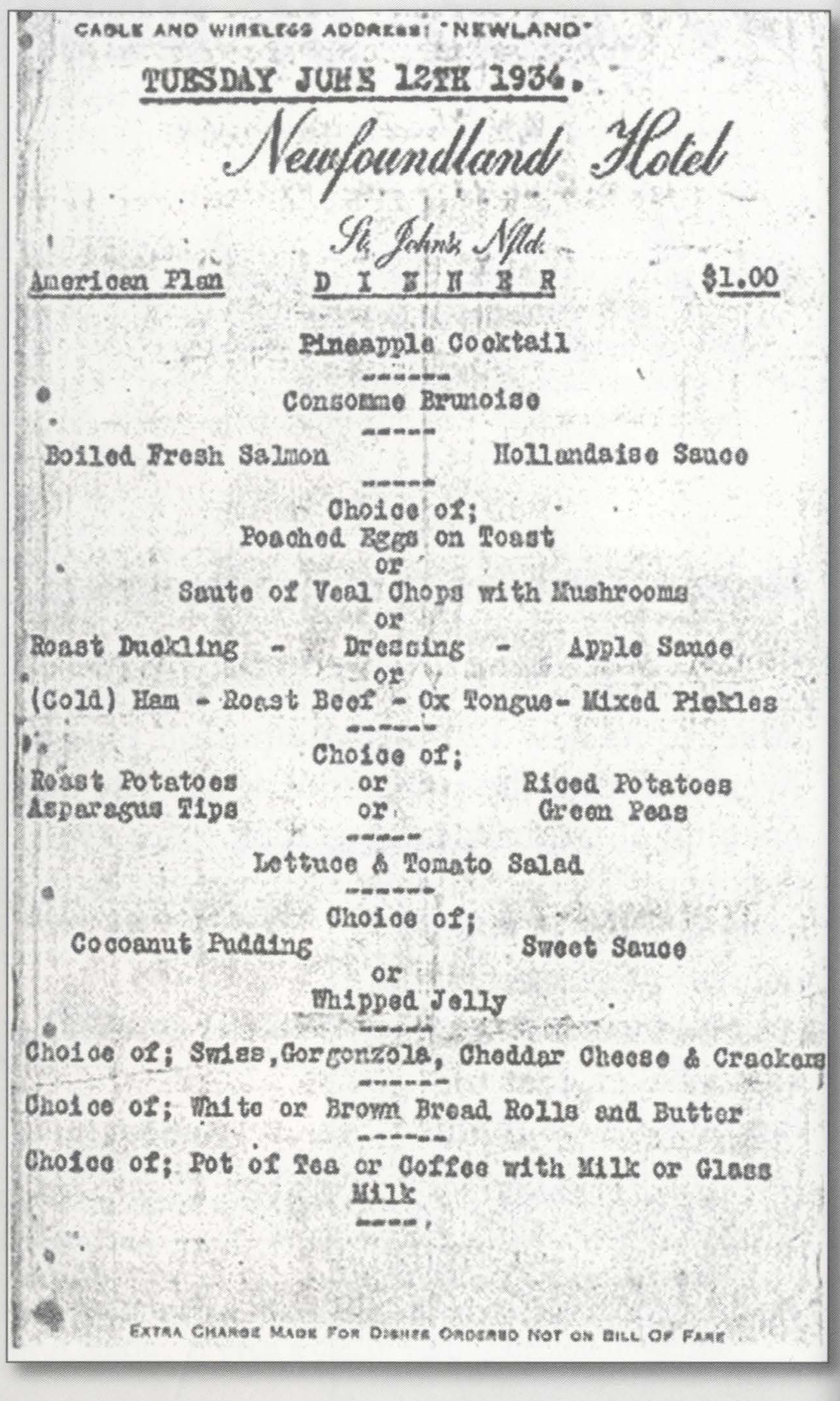
MF -266 consists of one item, a photocopy of a dinner menu for June 12, 1936, for the Newfoundland Hotel, in St. John's.

On July 24, 1925 construction of the seven-storey, 142-room Newfoundland Hotel was begun by the Quebec company of T.E. Rousseau Limited and financed by Sydney Blandford and Benjamin B. Stafford. It opened on June 30, 1926; the first manager was Charles Quick. Completely fireproof, equipped with the latest in plumbing and steam heating, furnished with a ballroom, a large dining room, and luxury accommodation, and staffed by personnel trained at some of Canada's finest hotels, the new Newfoundland Hotel was proclaimed as "the last word in artistic taste and luxury"' (*Evening Telegram*: July 6, 1926).

Opening rates were $14 for a single room and $18 for double occupancy, while rooms with running water were an additional $7 or, with adjoining bath, an additional $8. Lunch was served at a cost of $1, afternoon tea at 50 cents, and $1.50 was charged for dinner.

Despite the Hotel's popularity and apparent prosperity, high operating costs forced the company into liquidation in 1931. Shortly thereafter it was taken over and operated by the Government of Newfoundland, under the Department of Public Works.

In 1949 the Newfoundland Hotel was incorporated into Canadian National's chain of hotels and approximately two million dollars was spent on major renovations. In 1979 a modern 312-room hotel and convention centre was begun directly behind the hotel. The old hotel was demolished to make parking space.



CABLE AND WIRELESS ADDRESS: "NEWLAND"

TUESDAY JUNE 12TH 1936.

Newfoundland Hotel

St. John's, Nfld.

American Plan — D I N N E R — $1.00

Pineapple Cocktail

Consomme Brunoise

Boiled Fresh Salmon — Hollandaise Sauce

Choice of;
Poached Eggs on Toast
or
Saute of Veal Chops with Mushrooms
or
Roast Duckling - Dressing - Apple Sauce
or
(Cold) Ham - Roast Beef - Ox Tongue - Mixed Pickles

Choice of;
Roast Potatoes or Riced Potatoes
Asparagus Tips or Green Peas

Lettuce & Tomato Salad

Choice of;
Cocoanut Pudding — Sweet Sauce
or
Whipped Jelly

Choice of; Swiss, Gorgonzola, Cheddar Cheese & Crackers

Choice of; White or Brown Bread Rolls and Butter

Choice of; Pot of Tea or Coffee with Milk or Glass Milk

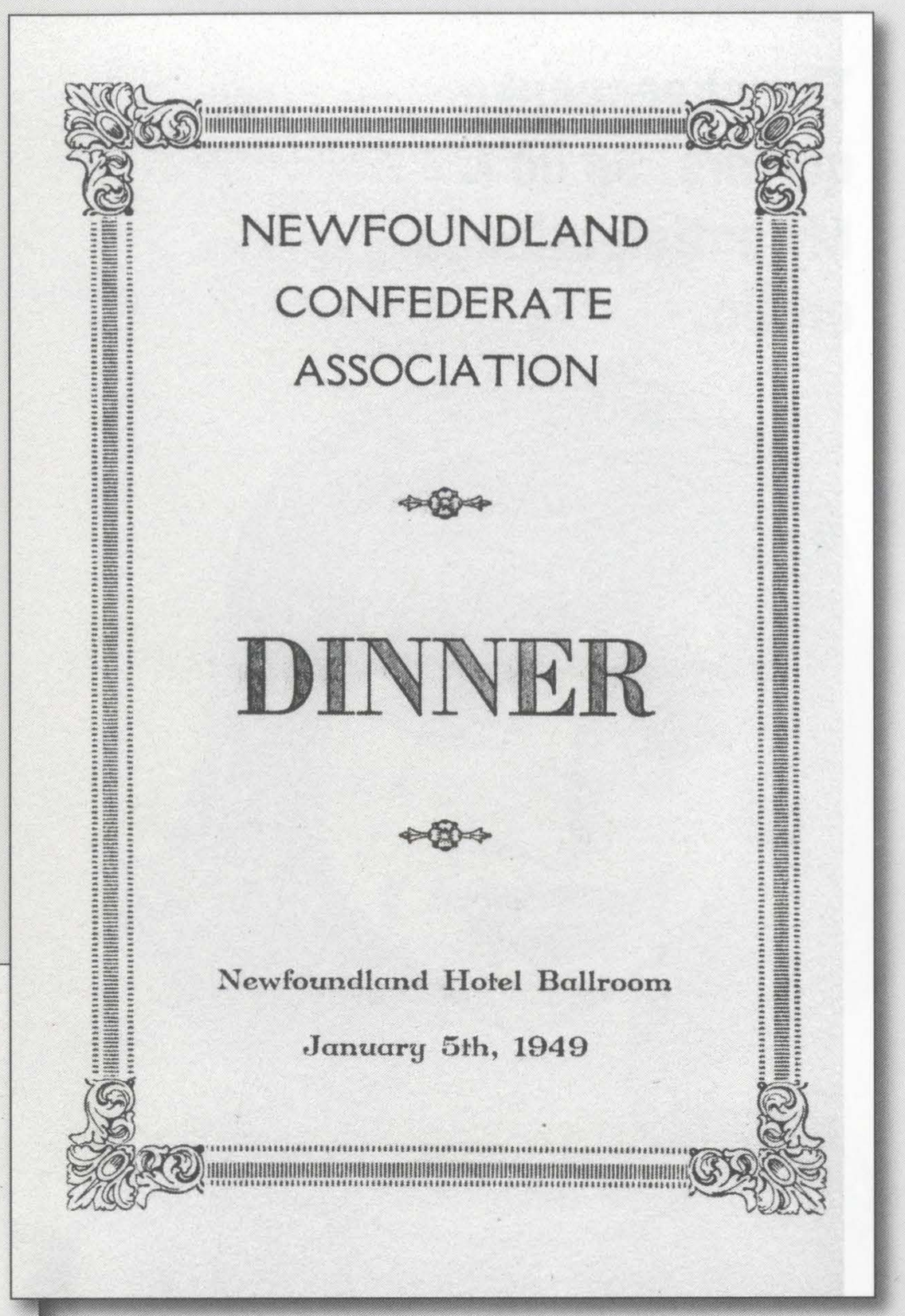
EXTRA CHARGE MADE FOR DISHES ORDERED NOT ON BILL OF FARE

A Victory Menu

On January 5, 1949 the Newfoundland Confederate Association held a victory dinner at the Newfoundland Hotel Ballroom.

The Confederate Association was a political party led by Joseph R. Smallwood and Gordon Bradley to advocate that the Dominion of Newfoundland join Canadian Confederation. It was formed in February 1948 just prior to the launch of the campaign on whether Newfoundland should join the Canadian Confederation. The party was opposed by the Responsible Government League led by Peter Cashin and the Party for Economic Union with the United States led by Chesley A. Crosbie.

At midnight March 31, 1949 Newfoundland became the tenth province of Canada. NQ



NEWFOUNDLAND
CONFEDERATE
ASSOCIATION

DINNER

Newfoundland Hotel Ballroom

January 5th, 1949

When sunrays crown thy pine-clad hills
And summer spreads her hand,
When silvern voices tune thy rills,
We love the smiling land
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee, smiling land.

O CANADA! Our home and native land,
True patriot-love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

God save our gracious King;
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

No 21

Linda White is an archivist with Archives and Special Collections, Queen Elizabeth II Library, Memorial University.

COLUMN

CHEESECAKE TO GO

BY BERNI STAPLETON

The cheesecake quivers. So do I. My anticipation is erotic.

Illustration: Vanessa Stockley

"I can't sell you those, my darling. No, ya dear. No, sweetheart, no. I can't, of course I can't." The waitress delivers her verdict with a concerned gravity normally reserved for the bereaved.

Two pieces of luscious cheesecake glimmer behind the glass doors of a stand up fridge. The thick creamy slices drip with a burgundy berry topping. Sunlight refracts off the glass. The cheesecake quivers. So do I. My anticipation is erotic.

"No, my darling, I can't sell you those." the waitress repeats. She stands behind the counter of the homey bakery. A handprinted sign is tacked on the wall beside her. It lists every flavour of cheesecake known to humankind and some that are not. There are the usual suspects known to cheesecake aficionados: Kit Kat. Peach. Drumstick. Blueberry. Chocolate. Brownie Caramel. Brownie Swirl. Luscious Lemon. Smores. Fruit Flan. Strawberry. Pineapple. Bakeapple. Peanut Butter. Rocky Road. Spring Fruit. Mandarin. Then there are the more culinary ambitious treats, not for the faint of heart: Apple Bavarian Torte cheesecake. Toffee. Turtle. Baked upside down cheesecake. Crunchy Granola Vegetarian cheesecake. Pork Chop and Apple cheesecake. And there are the mysterious temptations that appear sporadically, depending on the whims and moods of the proprietress. These can and have altered fate and caused marital and other upheavals in our tiny town. Heave a Sigh cheesecake. Pinch Your Fanny cheesecake. Heavenly Delight. Change of Life cheesecake. Change Your Partner cheesecake. And oh dear God: Sex on the Beach cheesecake.

In contrast to the pleasures promised on the sign the industrial fridge sits empty save for two final slices. I am reminded of the feeling of being the last to be chosen for "sides" in elementary school. I point at pieces with a trembling finger, awash in the aroma of cheesecake gratitude wafting toward me. The

lone waitress folds her arms across her intimidating bosoms. Her face beams, she shakes her head gently. Her cheesecakes, like her chastity, are inviolable.

I try again, from the beginning. "I'm having a friend over for dinner tonight. We both love your cheesecakes."

She glows. "That's so nice of you to say."

"Anyway. So I dropped in to pick up some for desert. I'm in luck. Partridgeberry is my favourite. No one else makes it quite like you."

"Oh, isn't that sweet of you, ya dear."

"So, I'll have those two pieces to go, please. Thanks." I hold my breath.

She sighs, puffs her lips out, a saint explaining to a five year old why she can't have any candy. "I can't sell you those, ya dear. You'll have to come back tomorrow. Those are not for sale."

"But why not?"

She slowly intones "Because. Those are the last two pieces I've got left."

"But I want to buy them."

"Yes, but if I sell them to you then I won't have any left."

"But, aren't they for sale?"

"Oh, yes."

"So sell them to me."

"If I sell them to you then I won't have any left for the next person who comes in."

This is my third go-round with this conversation and I'm no closer to enlightenment than when I first began. For the first time in my life I understand the "smash and grab" impulse of jewel thieves. I wonder if I could outrun the waitress. Probably not. She's wide but she's solid.

Just then the door behind me swings open. A chilly gust of wind brings in a harried lady, yakking on her cell phone. I smile at the waitress. "After you", I tell the newcomer, who nods gratefully, steps ahead of me and says, "I'll have two pieces of cheesecake to go, please!"

On my way home I scoop some of the berry topping off and lick my fingers. NQ

Berni Stapleton is an actor, playwright, and artistic director of the Grand Bank Regional Theatre Festival.

Diner

after Paul Theroux

Before you move into acting mode,
before you reel off with brio
today's abominable list of
unfortunate concoctions,
let me be clear
as these glasses set out here:

No oil,
no salt,
no MSG,
no colouring,
no flavouring,
no sugar,
no white flour,
no butter.

What do you have?

Kitchen Lessons

collage

Too many cooks spoil the broth;
there's no use crying over spilt milk.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket;
better half a loaf than no bread.

Fine words butter no parsnips;
every apple has its worm.

Don't boil your cabbage twice;
you can't get blood from a turnip.

Don't bite the hand that feeds you;
enough is as good as a feast.

If you can't stand the heat
stay out of the kitchen.

- Mary Dalton

Continued on page 27...

COLUMN

CUISINE II

BY RAY GUY

There's an ancient and tiny joke about the American who was amazed to learn he'd been speaking English all his life. So it is with many of us today on the subject of cuisine. Isn't it whatever you send down the pipes with the exception, perhaps, of pencil erasers and inhaled bugs when young?

Haven't we been intimidated by images of large kitchens hung with rows of copper pots and full of white-clad chefs plowing about with savage intensity? Pooh, I say - cuisine is whatever you shovel down the hatch by choice or necessity.

Cuisine is whatever you shovel down the hatch by choice or necessity. In Newfoundland, both rested on the back of the codfish.

In Newfoundland, both motivations rested on the back of the codfish. Cod tongues, cod cheeks, heads, sounds, fried, dried, salted, boiled, roasted, cakes, roes.

It was what you might call a lop-sided cuisine. As in so many cases, the Vatican was called on for assistance. Lent was then less a glimpse of heaven than an introduction to hell. It was a meatless 40 days incorporating bits of February.

Meatless meant just that. No rabbits, no wild ducks, no moose, no poultry. Salt herring and boiled potatoes and soon the pious began to repine.

In an effort to save the situation the Holy Father was implored to change a mammal, the seal, into a fish. We can only imagine the workings of this transubstantiation but the result was delicious. Roses back in cheeks, backs strengthened to haul in more codfish, prayerful knees reinforced for the rigors of Lent.

Is it too much to suggest that some permanent monument be erected to commemorate the occasion when the seal was transformed into the fish? Something along the lines of Hans Christian Anderson's *Little Mermaid* perhaps. It's a moment in our history.

A scarifying one in my own, I will add. In our south-facing Bay there was little ice and fewer seals. Some Samaritan brought along a can of seal and it might have been off because the next two days and a night I spent in an outdoor privy in the middle of February.

In the great metropolis of St. John's the pace of cuisine high and low skipped along at a more spanking pace. In no time at all there came fish and chips. Then came flat cardboard boxes with pizzas in them. Before the exotic shock could even dim there followed in great abundance more cardboard boxes with fried ground beef or segments of fried 'chicken.'

For a decade or more, that was the good heft of the cuisine in Newfoundland. Perhaps it still is in rural parts; I speak only of the Shining City on a Hill. Slabs of meat the size of big handbags broke out in St. John's restaurants. So outrageously large were these that they draped over the sides of the plate and came with the quaintly named 'doggie bag.'

If they knew it would be too much for anything in human form to consume why did they give it to you and charge you for it in the first place? Never mind. In the accelerating world of cuisine, matters soon took a different slew.

Next comes in the new cuisine. On first meeting it I was startled and shocked. In the center of an ordinary dinner plate was an ice cream-sized scoop of mysterious-looking weeds with a few shreds of something lurking therein. The rest of the plate was taken up by pastel graffiti squiggles.

I'd started on nervous ground in any case. Before proceedings even commenced we were introduced to *amuse-bouche*. What you won't see if you live long enough! I was told these were to amuse the mouth but it was my mind that had the hysterics.

The items in question were small crumbs of something wheaten supporting three salmon

eggs and what may or may not have been a dead inchworm. Sophistication was titillated. Hunger lingered on.

My favorite cuisine lately comes in a can. It purports to be a complete meal with that oh-so-important fibre. If the fine print of ingredients on the label is to be believed there's enough for a meal - enough to take Santa Claus to Mars and back.

Cuisine, at least in my own case, seems to have come full circle. From spuds and salt herring to KFC to new cuisine with *amuse-bouche* and back again almost to the beginning. A milky substance equivalent to a complete meal. NQ

Ray Guy is a journalist and playwright. His most recent book, The Smallwood Years, was short listed for the Newfoundland and Labrador Book Awards.

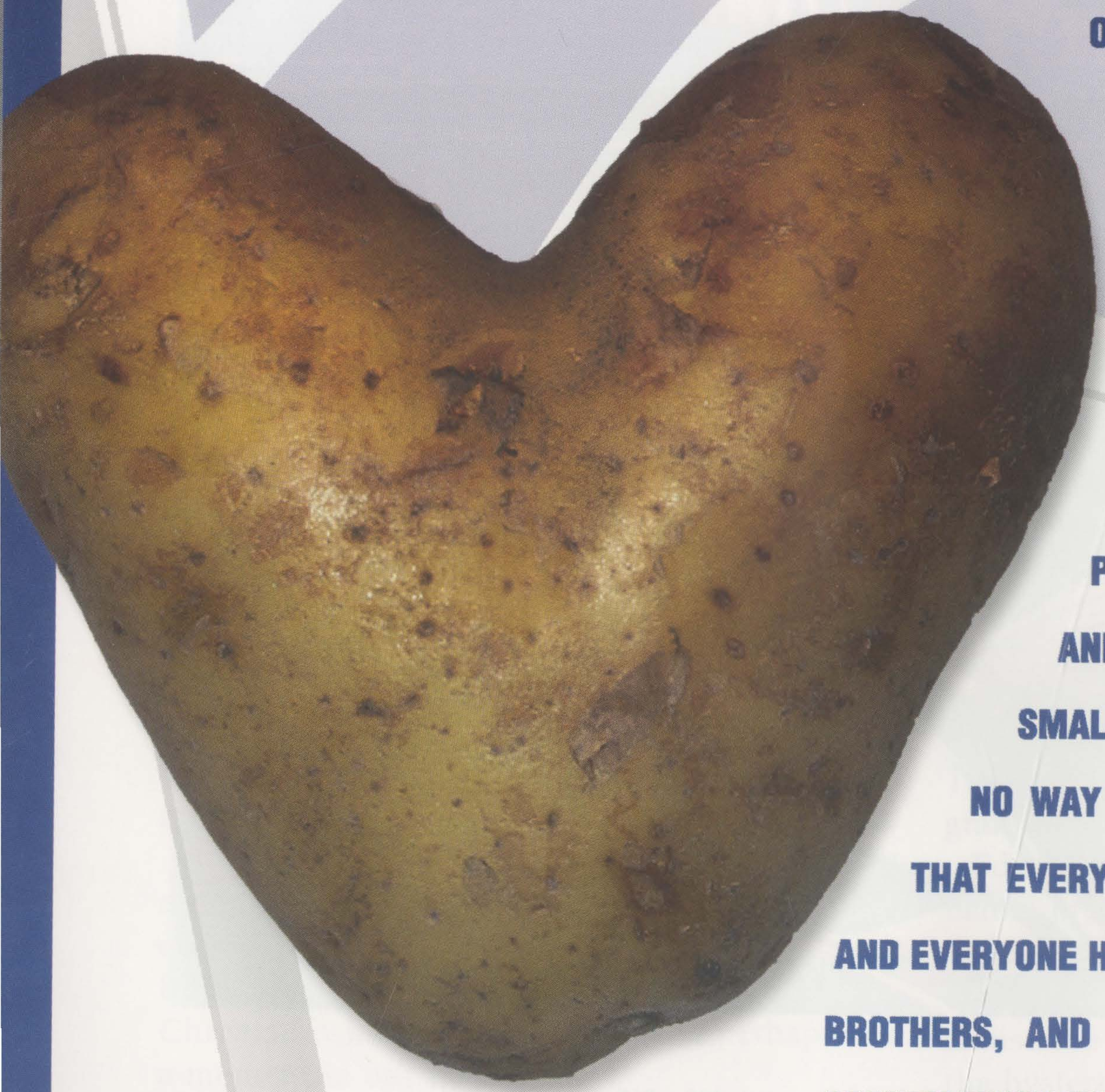
GRANT BOLAND

Top: *Confections,* 2009. Oil on panel, 24" x 48".
Bottom: *Mussels,* 2007. Oil on panel, 24.5" x 36.5". *Temptation,* 2005. Oil on panel, 49" x 35".

ARTICLE

NEWFOUNDLAND *Cooking*

BY JEANNIE GUY



EVERYONE WAS LIKE ME WHEN I WAS YOUNG, OR SO I THOUGHT. OH, NOT IN THE OBVIOUS THINGS LIKE THE COLOUR OF THEIR HAIR, OR WHETHER THEY WERE TALL OR LITTLE, OR THEIR RELIGION OR WHERE THEY WENT TO SCHOOL. I LEARNED PRETTY QUICKLY THAT SOME PEOPLE COULD RUN FASTER THAN ME NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED, OR THAT I WAS NOT EVEN CLOSE TO BEING THE BEST AT PLAYING "ALLEYS" ON MY STREET, AND THAT I WAS THE YOUNGEST AND SMALLEST IN THE GANG AND THERE WAS NO WAY TO CHANGE THAT. BUT I THOUGHT THAT EVERYONE WENT TO SCHOOL AND CHURCH AND EVERYONE HAD A MOM AND DAD AND SISTERS OR BROTHERS, AND ATE THE SAME FOOD. IT WAS ALL PRETTY MUCH THE SAME. AT LEAST IT WAS LIKE THAT FOR ME UNTIL I WENT TO UNIVERSITY IN THE 1960s.

That first year I took classes in general arts and sciences: maths, English and French, philosophy, anthropology and sociology. And that is where I found out that in Newfoundland and Labrador we had something called culture. We were different from everyone else. I remember it hit me like a thunderbolt in Sociology of the Family class. Our prof was probably from the Caribbean or South America and probably doing his PhD. He had to teach us on Monday evening at 7:00. We were almost all students from the province and had not travelled much. Maybe to Halifax or to London, England or Montreal or Toronto. For most of us, St. John's was the big time.

He told us that he had never come across people before who ate the same dishes on a certain day of the week. He said in all his reading and studying people around the world, he had never encountered it. It was something foreign to him and he wanted to understand why we did it. I remember we students looked at each other shyly, strangely, out of the corner of our eyes when he said it. We did not know what he was talking about but we did not want to embarrass him or ourselves. What did he mean?

Well, you know. On Sunday at the noon meal—dinner—what did we have? Roast beef or roast chicken, of course, but at Christmas, turkey, we replied. Right after we came home from church. And we had mashed potatoes, with boiled carrots and turnip with gravy, right? And bread stuffing made with Mount Scio savory if it was chicken or turkey. And then cold-cuts for supper from the leftovers with salads and Jello with fruit cocktail and Nestle's thick cream.

Yes. Why was that?

We explained.

On Mondays when your Mom had clothes to wash and hang outside on the line (winter or not) and no time to be fooling around cooking fussy stuff, you had leftovers again. If she was starting to run out, you might have to load up on homemade bread and butter with sweet mustard pickles or homemade rhubarb pickles. In my house it was always served in Grandmother's little blue dish. Every Monday, right after school and Brownies or Guides you had leftovers. That's right.

Continued on page 31...

INTERVIEW

NEW FOUNDLAND CUISINE

NQ: How would you define Newfoundland cuisine?

Karl Wells: You'd have to go back to where we came from. Because the way we cook goes directly back to England, Ireland, Scotland, that's where most of our ancestors came from. My ancestors on both sides came from England. When I was a kid there were really no restaurants, most people dined at home, and the way we prepared food was the way Newfoundlanders had cooked for centuries.

When we came here obviously we adapted the recipes to our environment.

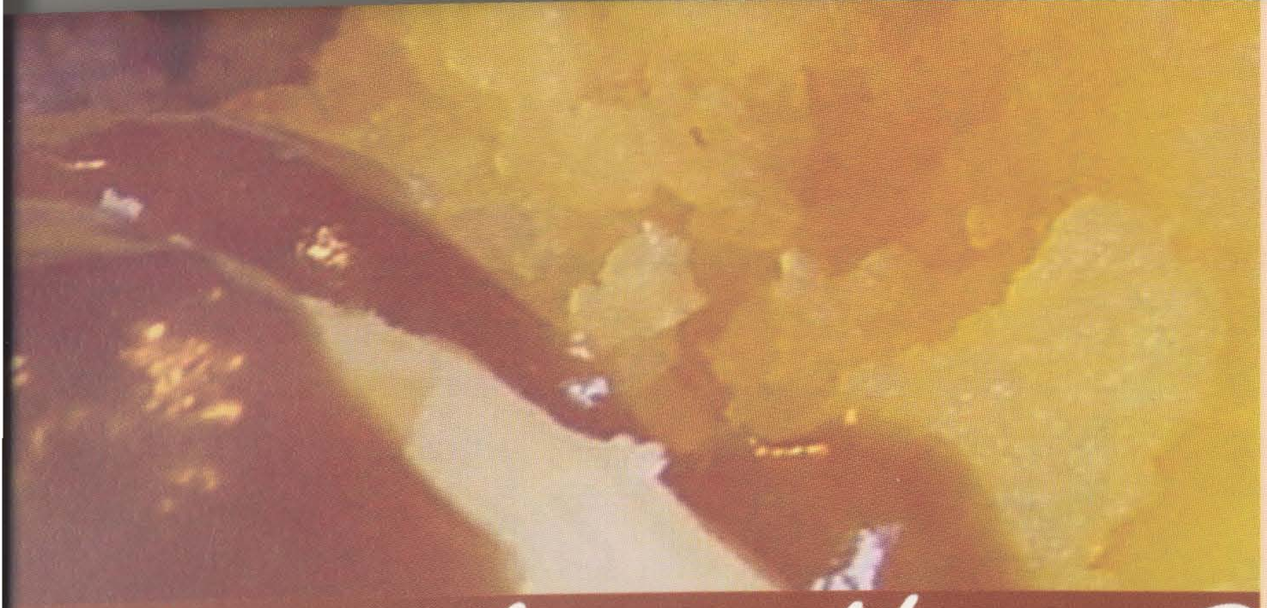
Newfoundlanders had to live off the ocean and to live off the land. My dad (Leonard Wells, 1917 – 1978) grew up in Wesleyville, my mom (Elizabeth (Stockley) Wells, 1919 – present) grew up in Buchans, and when they were growing up, interestingly they never seemed to be in want, they always had a full table, and most of what they consumed was what they grew.

They all had little gardens, and they grew root vegetables, potatoes, carrots, turnip, possibly green peas, beet. And everybody had a pig or two, and everybody had hens, so everybody had eggs, and every now and then a chicken dinner. People had sheep, so they had lamb. There wasn't a lot of dairy, Newfoundlanders grew up on Carnation Milk. Every so often the store where they got provisions would have a wheel of cheddar cheese. In Wesleyville, which was a fishing community, my grandfather (Walter James Wells, 1878 – 1949) had his own vessel, and they ate a lot of seafood. Cod, obviously, every part of the cod, and lobster, tonnes of lobster, turbot, capelin, smelts, halibut, flatfish. So that was all part of their diet. There wasn't a lot of beef. There was local beef but they would purchase it in a large amount, a quarter of beef. And game, seabirds, turrs, and then you had the moose, rabbits, bottled rabbits. In certain areas they'd have caribou. Every kind of berry, marshberries, bakeapples, blueberries, partridgeberries, they picked it all and it all got turned into preserves, jams, and then they'd bottle it all up and live off that during the winter. Game, and canning or bottling, that's how they got themselves through the winter.

Every community had root cellars which is how they kept the vegetables they grew from spoiling. The root cellar kept things cold on warm days and fresh in the dead of winter. They were basic structures but amazingly useful and significant. So, to me, that's the real Newfoundland cuisine.

NQ: **And how was it prepared?**

KW: In a skillet, with fatback, the great flavouring agent, all purpose kind of cooking fat.



LAND ONE

We had a grocery store when I was growing up (Wells Groceteria, at 75 Golf Ave.; it opened in the late 1950s and closed in the late 1970s), and we had a meat room, and one section of the meat room was full of these barrels and one would have salt beef in brine, that's a Newfoundland staple, and there would be another great barrel full of slabs of fatback, in a salt mixture. So fried fish in rendered pork, scrunchions, or boiled, corned beef and cabbage, that's the quintessential Newfoundland dish I suppose. It would be a competition between fish and brewis and corned beef and cabbage, Jigg's Dinner some people call it, the boiled carrot and turnip and corned beef and salt meat and potatoes and probably pease pudding and bottled beets with that.

NQ: **Do you have a favourite Newfoundland dish?**

KW: For me personally I don't know whether I'd be able to choose between fish and brewis and boiled dinner. It would be a hard choice for me to make. I don't think I could live without either one of them. Because I grew up on them.

NQ: **How do you think cuisine reflects identity?**

KW: It's all about your culture. It's who you are. We are what our environment determines we're going to be. What we sustain ourselves with comes from where we live. I've met people from parts of the world like Scandinavia who dine on things I probably wouldn't find palatable.

Continued on page 32...

As Karl Wells noted, there were few restaurants around when he was growing up. "On Fridays we would go to Archie's and get fish and chips. There was a place out on Topsail Road called Barney's where you could get Kentucky Fried Chicken when that first came out. There was really nothing in terms of fine dining." Happily, that's not the case today, in or out of the capital city.

We asked Wells to recommend some gems:

We had the influx of people from Eastern Europe, Bianca Tzanov started **Bianca's**, and the rest is history. Bianca's ended up becoming *the* restaurant in St. John's for many years, some would argue still today.

A lot of places outside the city serve really good, simple, homemade food that does harken back to our roots. I've already mentioned **Nicole's** (page 32).

On the Southern Shore, **Ferryland Lighthouse Picnics** is simply superb. Everything is done from scratch. You would not get better crab cakes anywhere in the world. Baked desserts. Fresh bread. Freshly made lemonade in mason jars.

In Cape Broyle there's **The Riverside Restaurant**: everyone there calls it **Harold's**. Harold Hayden started it 30 years ago, can you believe that? That's a great record. They serve pan-fried cod, lovely homemade soups, all freshly baked bread.

In Conception Bay, the **Mad Rock Café** in Bay Roberts has wonderful fish cakes and baked beans.

In Brigus, the **Country Corner** serves soup and sandwiches, just delicious homemade turkey soup with the sandwiches of roasted turkey, blueberry crisp.

Sophia's Heritage Inn in Carbonear has a simple seasonal menu that's gorgeous.

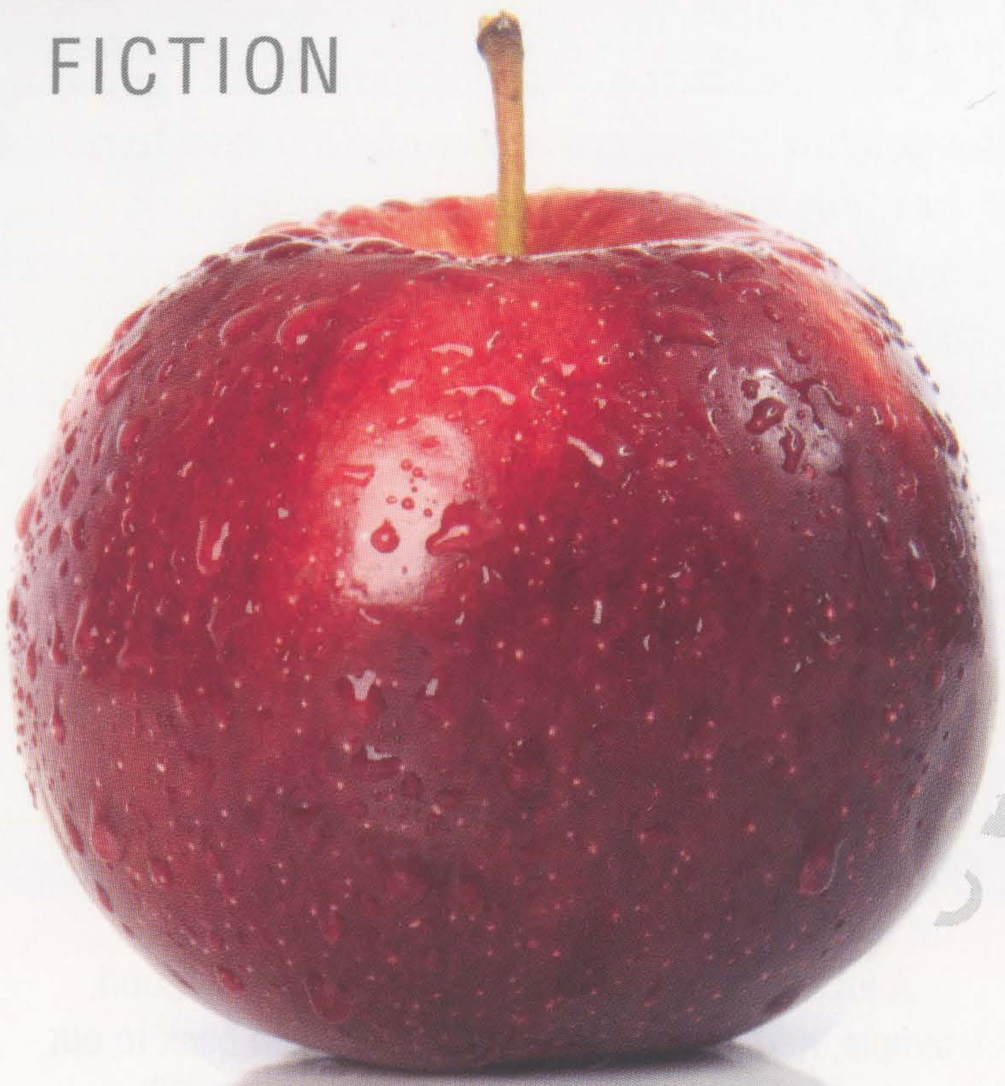
In Trinity Bay, **Fisher's Loft** has wonderful, wonderful food that is fresh, fresh, fresh. They even have a greenhouse. I had a green salad that had been picked just before I had it.

The **Spindrift Motel** in Musgrave Harbour has a steamed pudding, figgy duff, full of partridgeberries.

In Deer Lake, **The Spud**, a take-out that was there when I was a kid, is still serving the same dish, fresh French fries on a plate with a pile of loose hamburger meat fried with onions, a forerunner of poutine.

The **Corner Brook Winter Festival** includes all these food events, rabbit dinner, braised with pastry, and cabbage rolls coming out of your ears.

For more reviews and food journalism, visit **www.karlwells.com**.



The Fruit of Temptation

BY PATRICK O'FLAHERTY

"Ite, Missa est," the priest said, and Jimmy said "Deo grátias." He was glad the second mass was over and he'd soon be back home to get his dinner. He knew it wasn't right to think that, but he couldn't help it, he was hungry and that's what was on his mind. His stomach rumbled so much he was afraid the priest or the two people sitting in the front pew, still bundled up against the cold, might hear it. He'd fasted since last night's supper so he could go to communion in the first mass at 9 o'clock. Having gone once, he couldn't go again, though he thought he'd like to, just to get a taste of something. But twice on the same day wasn't allowed.

After the mass in Northern Bay the priest had said the altar boy up in Kingston was sick, there was a flu around ever since the winter started, he'd even caught a touch of it himself. He needed a boy to go up in the car with him to serve 10:30 mass there. "You," he said, pointing to Jimmy.

The other boys were surprised he was picked. "You think you're special, don't ya?" Andy Johnson whispered to him. Kingston was ten miles away and not many boys had gone so far with the priest in the big car with leather seats. Andy thought he should be the one. They all wanted to go, and didn't like seeing Jimmy get ahead of them. He was the youngest altar boy, just 12.

Kingston church was so small it didn't have a sacristy, so the priest took off his vestments by the side of the altar as people went out. After he had them off he checked the collection. Coppers and 5-cent pieces. Some quarters. Two $2 bills. He put them in his pocket. "Must be a stranger here today, Jimmy," he said. He put the rest of the money in a cloth bag he took out of another pocket and tied it with a string. When they went out to the car, he threw the bag in the back seat. Jimmy got in front again. The only thing he didn't like about that was he could smell the

communion wine on the priest's breath.

"We're not going back yet," the priest said in the car. "I'll have a bit of breakfast first at Sam Short's." Jimmy knew he was the merchant in Kingston. When they got to the house he saw that Sam and his wife were the two in the front pew.

"Ah, Mary," the priest said at the door. "God bless you. Wonderful to see you."

"Good to see you too, Father," she said. "Sam's inside sitting down."

The priest took off his overcoat and gave it to her for hanging up.

"You came to my mind the other day," he said as they walked to the kitchen. "I was thinking how the name of the Mother of God isn't heard so much at christenings now, and I thought of you. You should hear some of the names they try to get past me. Amber, Daisy, Amy. I had one woman wanting to call her child Rosemary. I said to her, that's a spice, not a proper name for a girl." He sat down at the table.

"But isn't that one ok, Father?" said Sam, a plump man sitting at the table too. "Rosemary's got Mary in it."

"Mary can't come second," said the priest.

Mary was now at the woodstove, cooking breakfast in a big iron pot.

Jimmy had followed the priest in, taking off his boots first in the porch. He stood for a while in his stockinged feet, not knowing where to sit. But he couldn't stay standing up, so he sat on a settle away from the table, in a corner. He thought Mary was frying baloney, one of his favourites. At his house they sometimes had that for dinner as well as breakfast. Maybe he'd get some later. Feeling hot and dizzy, he slid along the settle farther away from the stove and took off his parka. He thought he must have caught the flu.

"You have to be strict, I s'pose, in Northern Bay," Sam said.

Mary came to the table with a jug in her hand. "Coffee, Father?" she said. She poured it into his cup and Sam's. Jimmy could smell that too. He'd have to ask his mother to get some.

I had one woman wanting to call her child Rosemary. I said to her, that's a spice, not a proper name for a girl.

The priest sipped his coffee, sat back in the chair. "You're a good man, Sam. God will reward you for being good to his clergy. You're one of the few men I can count on in the parish. I certainly can't count on the crowd in Northern Bay and Gull Island. Drinking and fornicating is all they think of, God forgive me for saying it."

Mary came back to the table and put a bowl of apples on it, with a few grapes on top. "I'll have your breakfast in a minute, Father," she said. "I'm a bit behind. Have some fruit. Sam got the grapes yesterday in St. John's, and he's been into 'em already. Take a few before he gets at 'em again. But can I ask you this. What about Evelyn?"

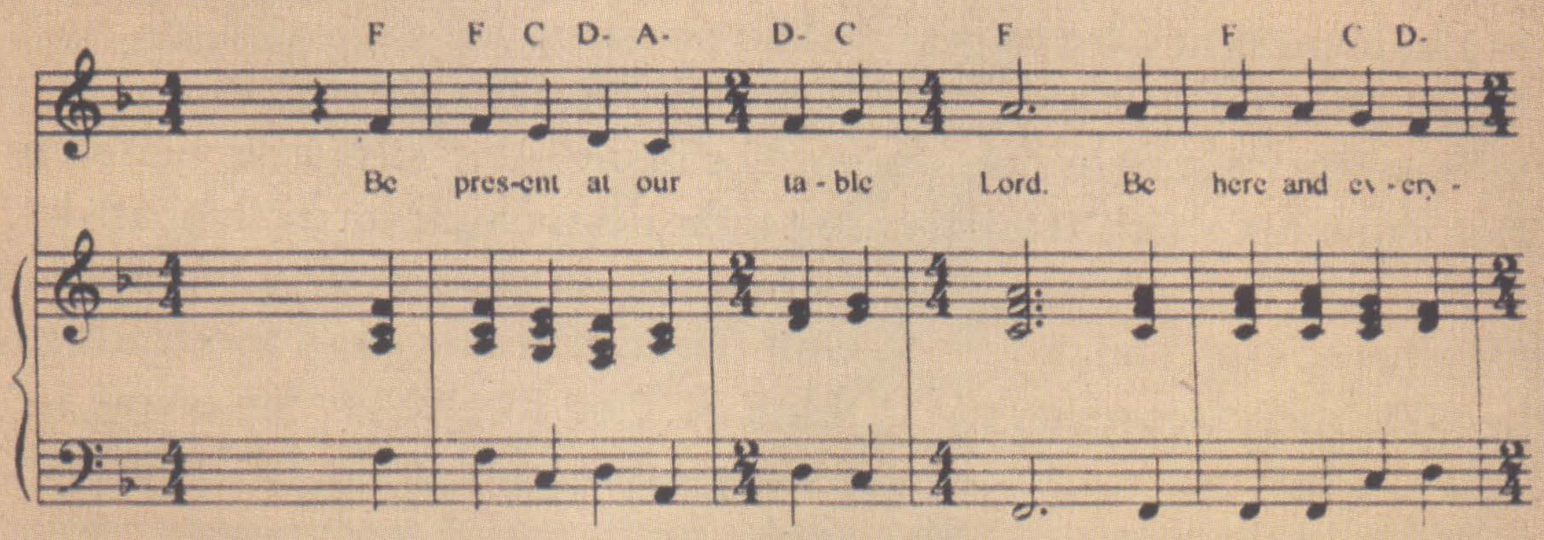
"Eh? Evelyn? Evelyn who?" The priest reached and took a grape and popped it in his mouth. Sam did the same. Neither one took an apple, Jimmy noted. He wouldn't mind having one. They were big red apples, the kind that came in boxes, not barrels.

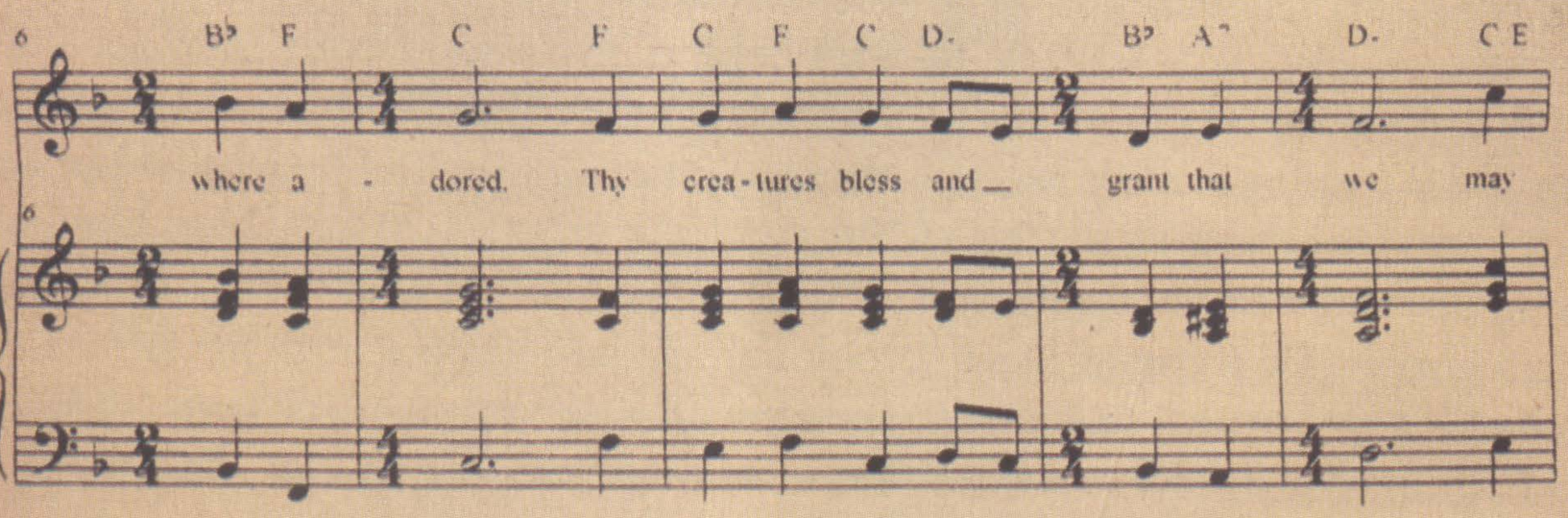
Continued on page 34...

Words By
John Cennick 1741
England

A Newfoundland Grace
(Old One Hundredth)

Music By
Louis Bourgeois 1551
Geneva Switzerland





Newfoundland *Grace*

BY DR. OTTO TUCKER

Nothing is more "NFLD" than this Grace. For years when so many of our communities had very few religious links, this Grace made one thing they had in common.

One of the memorable events of this, the Captain Bob Bartlett year, chaired by the Hon. Dr. Edward Roberts, was the Bartlett luncheon (in the style of an occasion held by the Newfoundland Society of Greater New York in 1909) at the Battery Hotel, St. John's. It was organized by the Historic Sites Association of Newfoundland and Labrador under the capable management of its Executive Director, Catherine Dempsey, who has supervised and initiated so many significant events pertaining to this province's history and geography.

I was honoured to invoke the blessing upon the meal, and recalling so many "times" (public meals) in various places of Newfoundland during my early years as a teacher and pastor, I requested the audience to stand and join me in singing what used to be referred to as the "Newfoundland Grace", i.e. "Be present at our table, Lord…" I believed that of the 300 or so people present most were from old Newfoundland families, and that the Newfoundlanders who had more recently come here and the visitors from New York would be inspired by the hearty singing of the Grace, which was certainly a part of Bob Bartlett's family background.

But what a disappointment! What a letdown! What a generation gap! The singing, sweet and melodious as it was, was weak and carried only by a few people. What a contrast to what I expected; Newfoundlanders "belting it out."

At the end of the meal people came to me to ask where I found "that lovely Grace," and who wrote it. Really, I had no idea where it came from and who created it. I knew it had always been part of us, and was sung to the tune of the Doxology ("Praise God from whom all blessings flow…"); and because of my early experience as a Salvation Army bandsman, I knew the tune was titled *Old One Hundredth*, composed by Louis Bourgeois, Geneva, 1551.

Aided by my colleague, Dr. Roysten Kelleher, I began a little research project. I discovered that the Grace was really ubiquitous and composed in 1741 by a young English Moravian evangelist and hymn writer, John Cennick, whose seminal career was as a follower of John Wesley's revival movement. He then became a Moravian, establishing many

Moravian Churches in England and Ireland, dying at 36 in Chelsea, England.

"Be present at our table, Lord" is a three stanza prayer, the final stanza being used in many Newfoundland homes as a family Grace before meals; viz.:

> We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food
> And more because of Jesu's blood.
> Let manna to our souls be given,
> The bread of life sent down from heaven.

How it came to Newfoundland, I suspect, is anyone's guess – perhaps by the messages of young English Methodist preachers in the late 1700s and early 1800s, or even by Moravian missionaries into Labrador. Who knows?

At any rate I was part of this ritual, and I realize it is a portion of our culture, which like other distinguishing cultural components is fas disappearing. We now select someone to "say" Grace like they do on parts of the mainland. And there are those among us who say this is progress. NQ

Dr. Otto Tucker, O.C., O.N.L., is President Emeritus of the Wessex Society of Newfoundland.

BRIAN LaSAGA

Detail, *After the Blizzard*, 2009. Acrylic on panel, 16" x 26".

One Cuisine Jewish

"People talk about 'Jewish Cuisine', and there are Jewish cookbooks," said Claire Frankel-Salama. "But in terms of Jewish cooking *per se* there really are very few things you could term Jewish food. Matzah of course. But everything from *challah* (an egg bread) to *blintzes* (thin pancakes) are coloured by the general culture."

This is a given in Jewish traditional cooking. The meals, the rituals, like Passover or the Jewish New Year (which comes in the early fall) are carefully observed. But the dishes in those meals, excluding some precise ingredients like the bitter herbs or roasted egg of the Passover Seder, adapt to what's available. Eastern European Jews cooked with potatoes, beans and fatty meat. Moroccan Jews used the local spices, like paprika. Newfoundland Jews use cod and blueberries.

What all these communities share is the cooking technique. "Because of the prohibition not to cook on the Sabbath day, a number of the dishes are designed in every Jewish culture to comply with those Jewish laws. You can put your food in the oven before Sabbath and leave the oven on low. Eastern European Jewish cooking, or Yemenite Jewish cooking, or Iranian or Farsi Jewish cooking all have at least one dish that cooks for 16 hours."

They also share dietary interdictions, such as no mixing milk and meat, eating only fish that has fins and scales, not hunting animals and not eating any animal that is itself a hunter. (Which doesn't outlaw wild game altogether. Frankel-Salama can see a potential market for kosher caribou and moose.)

"People cling to tradition. But that's an anthropological thing as well. The last thing to go is the food."

The next feast in the lunar Jewish calendar will be the New Year. The dinner will include something sweet, like a honey cake, "to wish you a sweet year." There will be *challah*, shaped like a crown, "because it's the head of the year." White wine is the customary drink. "And you eat a fruit or vegetable you haven't eaten yet for the year. We like a pomegranate, because it has all the seeds, which is a symbol of prosperity." NQ

Judy Wilansky's Gefilte Fish, Newfoundland Style

Ingredients:
2 onions
2 or 3 carrots
approx. 4 cups of cold water
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. sugar

2 lbs. cod fillet or mixture of cod and salmon
2 large eggs
3/4 cup of cold water
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper (or more according to taste)
3 tbsp. matzah meal (ground matzah) or cracker crumbs or bread crumbs
1 large or 2 small onions
1 tbsp. sugar

Vegetable stock:
Slice 2 onions and 2 or 3 carrots. Add 1 tsp. salt , 1/2 tsp. pepper and 1 tbsp. sugar. Cover with water and bring to a boil. Simmer on low for about 20 minutes.

Fish:
Note: The fish can be chopped by hand or in a food processor. If you use a food processor, be sure to cut fish and onions into 2" chunks. If you use a food processor, you may also wish to transfer the mixture into a bowl and go over it vigorously with a hand chopper.
1. Process or chop the onion until finely minced. Add the fish chunks and process until smooth or chop in a little at a time until smooth.
2. If chopping by hand, add eggs, one at a time. In processor add both eggs at once.
3. Add sugar, salt, pepper and bread crumbs and mix.
4. Add water slowly until mixture is pliable. If fish balls are too moist, add more bread crumbs. Make sure ingredients are well mixed.
5. Moisten your hands with cold water and shape into balls the size of a medium potato.
6. Drop fish balls into pot one at a time and add water at side of pot, if necessary, to cover fish.
7. Bring to boil and boil for 1 hour at medium heat. Lower heat and simmer for 1 1/2 to 2 hours longer.
8. Carefully remove fish balls with slotted spoon and place in a bowl. Take out carrots and reserve for serving. Pour some stock over fish. Refrigerate.

Gefilte fish can be eaten hot, but is usually eaten cold as a first course. Serve on a lettuce leaf with carrot slices on top accompanied by horseradish.

Note: At one time, gefilte fish was minced fish, restuffed into the fish skin, and cooked as above, hence the name (literally, *filled fish)*. Gefilte fish is somewhat similar to a fancy French dish called *quenelles de poisson.* Enjoy!

Claire Frankel-Salama's Cottage Cheese Pie with Hot Newfoundland Blueberry Sauce

This type of dairy dish is often served at the holiday of Shavuot or Pentecost, and is a great way of using up last year's frozen blueberries. At a typical brunch, this dish may be accompanied by smoked salmon, cream cheese and bagels, sliced tomato, cucumber and onion and lots of coffee.

Ingredients for crust:
1/4 lb. butter, preferably unsalted
1 egg
1/4 cup sugar
2 tbsp. sour cream
1 1/2 cups of flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla
a pinch of salt (not necessary if butter is salted)

1. Mix all ingredients in food processor.
2. Pat crust into a pie dish, saving some strips for the top.

Ingredients for filling:
1 lb. cottage cheese (pressed if available or "lasagna" style)
2 eggs
1/4 cup sugar
juice of 1/2 lemon
2 tbsp sour cream
cinnamon to taste

1. Mix ingredients in food processor.
2. Pour on top of dough in pie pan.
3. Lay strips of reserved dough on top.
4. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes - 1 hour.

Ingredients for Hot Blueberry Sauce:
2 cups fresh (or frozen) blueberries
1/2 cup sugar
2 tbsp. orange juice
1/2 cup water
2 tbsp. cornstarch
1/4 cup additional water.

1. Combine berries, sugar, orange juice and 1/2 cup water in a 2 quart microsafe bowl. Microwave UNCOVERED on HIGH for 5 minutes until bubbling.
2. Dissolve cornstarch in 1/4 cup water and stir into hot blueberry mixture. Microwave 2 to 3 minutes longer, stirring once.

To serve:
Serve a slice of warm Cottage Cheese pie and ladle with hot blueberry sauce. Yum!

ARTICLE

Fairy Bread

There's an alternative to our everyday cuisine: the magical food and drink that appears in our folklore. Wondering about fairy bread, the *NQ* approached **Dr. Martin Lovelace,** Department of Folklore, Memorial University of Newfoundland:

"Fairy bread is really kind of a hard thing to pin down. What it probably means is to put bread in your pockets before going berrypicking or anywhere you'd be in danger of being fairy-led. Some people see it as something to give to the fairies, so they would take that instead of taking you.

> …Joe Costello told about a man working in his garden one evening:
>
> He was sat down boiling his kettle. It was two women come up, dressed in red, he said, red dresses on them and white flyers on them, and some kind of dark stuff on their head. And he come up and sat down alongside of them. So he never – he wasn't afraid or anything, you know, he never bothered, and after a time, he took out a slice of bread and he broke it in two, reached a piece to each of them. They disappeared right away. They went right on off, he said.
>
> - from *Strange Terrain*, by Barbara Rieti, p. 75

So they can come into your garden and in some stories they come right into your house and hold a tea party.

But it is very commonly stated that if you go into the woods, take bread, hard bread, to keep the fairies away.

The *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* contains many citations for bread. The older ones refer to 'hard tack, thick, coarse biscuit baked in a kiln without salt, sea biscuit.' *To take bread for the road* meant to carry it in your pocket to ward off fairies. *Company bread* was carried when traveling alone to ward off fairies. A *fairy bun* was bread carried while traveling alone.

Fairies are also associated with mushrooms. Children were told not to touch the fairy caps. Fairies were mischievous, at best. The popular notion of something with wings, that Tinkerbell nonsense, is very far from Newfoundland fairies.

There is a quote from Lewis Spence [1874-1955, a Scottish journalist who collected folklore] that 'fairies are clad and behave and speak like those who conceive of them.' They are a projection of our concerns. What we fear about them…they are like ourselves but not ourselves.

> The fairies are the ultimate stranger, and serve as a metaphor for all that is strange not only in nature but in other people.
>
> - *Strange Terrain*, p. 4.

Bread is the ultimate symbol of humanness. It's [linked to] religion, "Give us this day our daily bread." The assumption of course is that the faeries want bread – but are they also repelled? Is bread a bribe so that they will take that and not you, or something to keep them off, like bug spray? In terms of the latter interpretation, you can make an argument that bread contains salt, one of the most powerful substances and symbol of human kind. We say of someone that he's *Not worth his salt*. Salt is a powerful agent against fairies, protective.

When people make homemade bread they cut the sign of the cross into the loaf. Bread is a wonderful [compilation] of everything defined as human. It's associated with home and with mother. It is a talisman of the magic of your house.

So there are two opposing views, or interpretations, that bread is something that repels, or something that attracts because it is something they lack. Fairies want other things that belong to humans, they steal babies because fairies are sterile, they can't produce children. They want salvation [as some say they are fallen angels who will be redeemed on the Last Day].

Fairy bread could be a sop or a bribe. Some say it is so if you go out and you get lost you have something to eat so you won't eat the food the faeries offer you. Never eat fairy food, otherwise they've got you. You don't take the food because you won't get out of their power:

> When they takes you away. Don't take, don't eat, don't eat anything belong to them. They'll have you then. You'll join them, you'll join them then.
>
> - *Strange Terrain*, p. 48.

Food is one way we distinguish ourselves from other people. Food is often the way that we place people. We place people by what they eat. Bread is a central foodstuff. To be human is to eat bread. Not to be human it to have a different relationship with that bread." NQ

-*NQ*

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to the *Newfoundland Quarterly* & you could **WIN** an **original oil painting** by:

JEAN CLAUDE ROY

Anyone who starts, renews or gives a subscription to the *Newfoundland Quarterly* will have their name entered in a draw to win *Barr'd Harbour* (2008, oil on canvas), a beautiful painting by celebrated artist Jean Claude Roy.

Jean Claude Roy was born in 1948 in Rochefort-sur-Mer, France. He studied at the Lycée Technique de Saintes, France, from 1960-1966. He discovered Newfoundland, and the landscape that would so entice and inspire him, while working as a marine electrician on a French cable ship. Since 1971 he has divided his time and his creative pursuits between France and Newfoundland.

A member of La Maison des Artistes, the French association of professional visual artists, since 1988, Roy's paintings can be found in numerous public and private collections and he is represented by commerical galleries in France, Canada, and the United States. In 2009 he completed his self-appointed task of painting every community in Newfoundland, and a selection of these gorgeous art works were exhibited at the Emma Butler Gallery July 30 - August 13, 2009.

To see more of his works, and learn more about this artist, visit www.jcroy.com

Promotion ends midnight, March 31, 2010.

Colonel R. B. McCrea, who was stationed in St. John's with the Royal Artillery during the mid-Nineteenth Century, provided a vivid picture of upper-class food and its role in social gatherings of the time. At one home, "a goodly table laden with substantial blessings [was] brought into view. Our hostess…gave us a capital dinner, which, since I had been assured there was nothing to be found eatable in Newfoundland but codfish, I may as well enter into a little fully. Palestine soup, of first-rate quality, heralded the repast; and greatly did I wonder in my heart as to where the rich cream and Jerusalem artichokes, which clearly formed a main part of its ingredients, came from. I wondered still more to perceive there was actually no fish to follow. But we had a pair of roasted fowls, plump and tender…A Bath chop, smoked to a flavour and quality which left no reasonable doubt of its being home-cured, aided the discussion of the poultry. Then followed a boiled leg of mutton, with French beans preserved in salt…mashed potatoes and a grouse-pie, with kidneys and mushrooms…for the Gordian knot of the first course was cut only to be at once reravelled with gooseberry-tart and clotted cream – actually clotted cream, as good as Devonshire ever boasted of – fig pudding, jellies and tipsy cake*. The interlude of Stilton, accompanied by the crispest celery, is hardly worth recording, compared to my surprise at the dessert which followed. A green Spanish melon, a pine [apple] from Porto Rico, a dish of the incomparable Pomme-Gris apples from Montreal, oranges from Havannah, olives, figs and crackers!"

Much to McCrae's surprise he was informed by his hostess: "But it's all off our farm, every bit of the dinner." During his stay in St. John's which lasted three years, he was treated to similar fare, at regular intervals, by most of the upper-class residents of the town. NQ

-From The Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador

*a Scottish trifle made with sherry or Madeira.

EXCERPT

Rattlin' Roarin' Willie

BY BOB HALLETT

WHEN I WAS STARTING UNIVERSITY, IT WAS A LOT HARDER TO HEAR TRADITIONAL MUSIC IN NEWFOUNDLAND THAN IT IS NOW. THERE WERE LESS RECORDINGS, LESS SHOWS, LESS EVERYTHING. LOTS OF PEOPLE LOVED THE MUSIC, BUT IN THAT PRE-INTERNET, PRE-DIGITAL AGE (AT LEAST HEREABOUTS) IT WAS LARGELY A HOME THING. EVEN THE PUBS WERE NOT AS NUMEROUS AS THEY ARE NOW. FESTIVALS WERE LESS ORGANIZED, AND FEATURED A LOT MORE COUNTRY ACTS. 1970s ACTS LIKE THE WONDERFUL GRAND BAND AND RYAN'S FANCY HAD BROKEN UP, AND THE IRISH PUB BANDS WERE STRUGGLING TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO PLAY. THERE WAS NO INTERNET TO HELP YOU FIND FELLOW ENTHUSIASTS; YOU JUST HAD TO STUMBLE ACROSS SOMETHING.

OZ-FM, then our hippest rock station, hosted a Sunday morning 'jigs and reels' show that was a lifeline for traditional music lovers. Originally hosted by a traditional music enthusiast named Neil Murray, it was later taken over by the more commercially minded John Wiles. It is hard to explain how important the show was for traditional musicians around here – if you could not afford a lot of records, that was the only place you were ever going to encounter anything new or different. Despite being a card-carrying member of the local punk scene, I never missed the show. Somewhere I still have tapes painstakingly made off the radio, as I attempted to learn new reels and other tunes.

I guess I was still in high school when I first heard of the *Barra MacNeils*, from Sydney Mines, Cape Breton Island. In those days the band lineup was the three elder McNeil brothers, Kyle, Seamus and Stewart, sometimes joined by their sister Lucy. Their first album came out in 1987, and sometime later it started to get played on OZ. Right away you could tell they were pretty sophisticated. Cape Breton players are considered very disciplined, especially by the very relaxed Newfoundland standards. The *Barras* arranged their tunes in elaborate patterns, and played in tight and close harmony, instrumentally and otherwise. They also sang a lot, which was unusual then (and now) for a Cape Breton act. Everyone played more than one instrument, and the fiddle and whistle were at a standard I could only aspire to.

The song *Rattlin' Roarin' Willie* was typical of their early repertoire. Although it is a great traditional sing-along, they never surrender to pub heroics, and throughout the piece they find subtle nuances, fine distinctions I am still discovering even now. The blend of their voices has changed little over the years, and unlike some of their more outré pop forays, this has held up well. It was the sort of thing I would have liked to be doing myself. There was no equivalent in Newfoundland in those days, and I decided that as soon as an opportunity arose I would go see them.

A year or so after I heard them for the first time, I went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, a city I had never visited before, for a student newspaper conference. Somehow I had heard that the *Barras* were playing at the Club Flamingo, and, dragging another friend with a moderate interest in folk music along, I pipped off the conference to go to the show. The *Barras* were brilliant. Lucy was there onstage, up from college for the weekend, and the band was in fine form. They played all the 'hits', plus a number of Cape Breton sets. *Rattlin Roarin Willie* sounded amazing; the whole place was up dancing and singing along. I was fascinated by the slow tempo and chromatic builds each set of tunes featured, and the way the keyboards and the fiddles seemed to talk to each other. Not since my revelation with *Figgy Duff* years before had I heard anything so inspiring. (It might be worth pointing out that I was also pretty drunk. The student conference had seen some serious drinking, and I was well into my second buzz of that day. I would like to think that this did not affect my musical judgment in any way.)

At some point during the show I got to talking to this guy at the bar, who had noticed that I had a mandolin strapped to my back. In those days I carried it everywhere – just in case – like Captain America with his shield or something. He suggested we should join him at a party at someone's house, which the band was slated to attend. It was all extremely casual, and very vague. Being a fan of traditional music in that period was like joining a somewhat obscure religion. Enthusiasm was the only qualification, and if you had it, you were in.

Sometime after the show, when the club had put the merry drunks out onto the street, me, my fiddle-playing friend, and the guy from the bar

Continued on page 36...

Pomegranates Under Glass

after Mary Pratt's painting

Glitter. Ice-vista. *Mine eyes dazzle*.
No tempter, tempting here.
No falls, no tears—
no corruption, skull under skin.
All is whole, mute,
still, forever
stilled.

Persephone never bit into
the red pulp; seeds and juice
never spilling down her chin.
No frantic hunt by Demeter, no
darkened land—light chilled
and perpetual—
No tears, no staccato cries
to dark to release
the daughter, self.

Pomegranates, two,
ripe to bursting
fire-fruit held in glass.
Spasm, frozen.
Fire under ice.

Mary Dalton's latest book is *Red Ledger*; her latest chapbook is *Between You and the Weather*, published by Running the Goat Books in 2008.

ESSAY

BY DEREK PELLEY

A Quarter of COAL

ALL OF US HAVE HEARD, SEEN, AND READ MANY ACCOUNTS OF THE PROBLEMS AND HURDLES THAT IMMIGRANTS FACE WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN CANADA. IN TRUTH, IT WOULD INDEED BE A RARITY AND HIGHLY UNUSUAL FOR SOMEONE TO UPROOT THEMSELVES FROM FAMILY AND CULTURE AND MOVE TO A NEW COUNTRY, LANGUAGE, AND LIFE WITHOUT EXPERIENCING SOME KIND OF TRAUMA AND DIFFICULTY. YOU CAN'T HAVE ONE WITHOUT THE OTHER.

Over the past year in writing and researching articles for the *NQ*, I've come to the realization that my own parents, Alfred and Minnie (nee Andrews), in their early married life together, fit very well into this broad definition of what constitutes an immigrant.

My parents were married 27 November 1930. My father was 21 and had been farmed out with relatives (along with his four siblings) after the death of his mother in the Spanish Flu epidemic of 1918. He grew up in what can only be described as a 'rough and tumble manner.' My mother, who was 18, on the other hand came from a much more genteel background, having been instilled with very strong Victorian and Methodist mores.

Within a few days of their marriage, they left Hant's Harbour and moved to St. John's. Their reasoning for this decision is purely conjecture now. Perhaps it was youthful exuberance and the desire to escape the confining quasi-feudal strictures and structures of life in Hant's Harbour. Or maybe there were internal family pressures because of the differences in the social background and status that existed between my Mom and Dad.

Whatever the reasons, they found themselves in the coaly atmosphere of Irish-Catholic dominated St. John's (they had never even seen a nun before) at the beginning of the Great Depression with no money or prospects, and Mom pregnant with my sister, Vera. This was

either an incredibly brave *or* stupid thing to do, depending upon which side of the moralistic fence you sit. I personally feel that they were totally courageous in leaving what was a known and predictable (albeit confining) lifestyle to 'Cast Their Fates To The Wind' in what to them was a thriving metropolis.

Initially, Mom and Dad stayed with Dad's brother Fred, who was already in Town, but they soon moved on to a series of rented digs on the 'Higher Levels.' Their only income came from Dad finding odd jobs or 'Hobbles,' as the Irish would call them. My sister Vera was born in 1931, and my mother told me that when she was in bed with Vera as a newborn, Dad came into the room with two dollars that he'd somehow managed to make and asked her if he should use it to buy some food or a "quarter of coal" for heat. Without hesitation she opted for the "quarter of coal." I'm sure that none of my generation of softies has ever had to face such heavy, life-affecting quandaries. There was no "Buy Now-Pay Later" scheme to fall back on.

My parents' haphazard, hand-to-mouth lifestyle continued for the next couple of years with two more girls, Shirley and Kay, being added to the menagerie. Dad managed to make two trips to the "Ice" during this period of 1931-1932. On the first trip in 1931, he made 30 dollars. On the second in 1932, he sailed on the *Beothuck*, but they were diverted to help in the rescue effort for the *Viking*, which had exploded and sank on March 15, 1932. As a consequence, he made nothing on this voyage.

Shortly after his return from this trip, the infamous 'Squires Riots' broke out on April 5, 1932 and, as a consequence, the Newfoundland Constabulary hired on extra recruits to deal with the volatile situation. Dad was hired on April 13 1932 and remained with the Force for 25 years. One of my favourite "toys" as a child was a British Army helmet that was issued to all cops on the beat for protection during the 'Riots,' because people would drop rocks out of windows as the cops walked by on their patrols.

The steady income provided by Dad's newfound employment in the Constabulary finally allowed life for the Pelley family in St. John's to stabilize to the point where Dad was able to build a house (in his off-duty hours) on Pennywell Road. Mom said that she was "living in shavings for years." While Dad was working on the roof, he witnessed the Hindenburg flying overhead on its way to New York on July 4 1936, on an unexpected visit to St. John's.

Things at Villa Pelley progressed on into the 1940s and Wartime St. John's. The boys, first Gerald and then Boyd, started to arrive and add to the mix.

Life in 'The House' during the War, as it's been described to me, verged on the *Felliniesque*. Besides the immediate family, there were boarders, people passing through and staying, from the extended family in Hant's Harbour and Cape Island, Dad's cronies from the Constabulary, and anyone else looking for a meal and a good time. Eat, drink, and be merry seemed to be the order of the day. Mom often talked about the seemingly nightly parties for which she played piano, that would last until 4am, and then she would be up again at 6am to begin her usual household tasks, *and* make lunches for the boarders. I sometimes think that in my life as a musician I've pushed the envelope and burned the candles at *three* ends way too often, but it pales in comparison to the Saturnalia that took place in the 'House on Pennywell Road' during the war years.

Dealing with everyday problems in a seaport like St. John's couldn't have been a bowl of cherries for the Newfoundland Constabulary at the best of times, and when you add the huge military presence that materialized during the war, you have a boiling cauldron just waiting to bubble over. With nothing more than a billyknocker, cops controlled the beat, usually

My sister Vera was born in 1931, and my mother told me that when she was in bed with Vera as a newborn, Dad came into the room with two dollars that he'd somehow managed to make and asked her if he should use it to buy some food or a "quarter of coal."

Alfred and Minnie on their wedding day, November 27, 1930.

in pairs, and were expected to keep the peace and maintain order. In a nutshell, you had to be of good stature and be able to defend yourself.

It wasn't unusual for members of the Force to have a "drop" while on duty (often to keep warm, wintertime) and my Dad I'm sure was no exception. But Mom told me a story that went a bit beyond this norm. On the morning after the terrible Knights of Columbus fire on 12 December 1942 Dad and another member of the Force arrived at the house in the Black Maria, came into the kitchen, placed a bottle of rum on the table, and demolished it in short order. Even Mom found this a bit unusual until it was made known that they had been detailed to move charred bodies and body parts to the temporary morgue that had been set up at the CLB Armoury. I don't think anybody would have objected to this temporary waiving of decorum and regulation.

I came along and rounded out 'The Brood' in 1950, the baby of the family (the only one to be born a Canadian) and a lot of stories and life have gone under the bridge since that time. The house, begun in 1935, was never totally finished and was always a 'work in progress' much to my mother's chagrin.

The larger and greater story is that of my parents, who uprooted themselves from comfortable and familiar circumstances, and moved to that Foreign Land called St. John's as very young people, and, through hard work, persistence, obstinacy and faith forged a new life for themselves and, in the process, created six children, all of whom have done well in the scheme of things (my mother probably would have disagreed sometimes). In true immigrant fashion Mom and Dad did all the hard work, and laid down the groundwork for the children to reap the benefits of their efforts.

Bob Dylan summed it up well when he wrote: "There's no success like failure, and failure's no success at all." NQ

Derek Pelley is a writer and musician in transit from West Dublin, Nova Scotia to St. John's.

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Yes. And on Tuesdays, what about Tuesdays?

That was followed on Tuesdays, by "boiled dinner" for supper. Mom did the ironing on Tuesdays, and everthing was all cotton in the early days: bedsheets, pillow cases, Dad's shirts, our school uniform blouses, aprons, her dresses…the works…all pure cotton. So ironing was a major chore, and she had little time for niceties. Especially if it had been raining on Monday and she was still trying to get the clothes dry on the clothes line in the kitchen. Boiled dinner. Some people called it Jiggs' dinner or corned beef and cabbage. She just threw everything in one pot: corned beef, cabbage. Right. With pease pudding (just like in the nursery rhyme). Hot in a cotton cloth pudding bag. And boiled potatoes and here we go again: boiled carrots and turnip. When it got to the table, we kids would fight for the sweet mustard pickles. We did not know what ketchup was.

And what about the rest of the week?

So ironing day was followed by grocery day. Wednesdays Mom walked uptown for groceries: Lawlors' Meat Market, and Bowrings for the rest until the supermarkets came along. Then she could get everything there in one shop, and get it delivered. But she had to get home in time for them to deliver, so we had fish and brewis with scruncheons. She must have put the hard tack in soak the night before to have it soft enough to cook on Wednesday evenings.

On Thursdays she must have put clothes away, or did darning, and concentrated on cooking. That was perhaps an optional day when we could have anything: bottled moose with potatoes, or rabbit stew, or partridge, or in the spring seal flipper pie. Or sometimes in later years you got modern, foreign kind of food for supper like pork chops.

On Fridays we started getting ready for Sundays so she scrubbed the floors…on her knees…and waxed and polished them by hand. Wooden floors in the living room and dining room but canvas and later linoleum tile in the rest of the house. Until Dad got the polisher for her. Most of my friends had fish on Fridays. Which meant cod. Trout was popular too anytime of year but usually not in the winter. Fish on Fridays. That was not culture. That was religion.

Saturdays were big cleaning days and preparation for Sundays. Baking: cookies, squares and fresh bread were always on the go. You could not get near the kitchen…or dared not in case you ended up helping. And it meant pea soup for lunch with carrots diced into it with dumplings. I loved the dumplings: light and fluffy. My Grandmother Guy's recipe. My mother always complained that she could never make dumplings like Mrs. Guy. And the soup had bits of salt meat or riblets. Saturday evening was saltfish with potatoes and scruncheons. No question.

Sometimes Mom would make tea buns too with raisins but she was never happy with them, and Father used to tease her that they were heavy and hard enough that he could use them as sinkers…that's the lead weights you put on a fishing line to sink it. Not like Gammy Guy's tea buns but wonderful all the same, hot with a bit of Good Luck margarine melting on them, not real butter. We used to tease the young kids when we were small if we did not want to play with them. "Go home! Your mother got buns!" That meant that their mothers had been baking and there was fresh bread or biscuits at home, so they had better go quickly or they would miss out. Everyone knew that. That was culture. Go into any house on my street, Forest Road, and it was pretty much the same.

Then on Sundays, Mom started from the top again and we had a so-called day of rest: no movies, no playing cards, no knitting. Nothing. Go to church and Sunday school and eat roast beef. Life was simple. It had structure and predictability. We had culture and we did not know it. We had *haute cuisine de terre neuve*. A professor at the university had told me. NQ

Jeannie Guy is a professional librarian, formerly of St. John's, living in Ottawa.

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That's who they are. And they can't understand why we eat some of the things we eat, probably. I know some people are horrified at the thought of us eating seal. But I grew up eating seal. It's like an annual rite. Every spring, you'd go down and the ships would be in and they'd be off-loading. It's all about your culture. Food defines us. I think a lot of people would laugh at the notion of Newfoundland cuisine. But it should be celebrated.

NQ: **Newfoundland cuisine doesn't really have a drink with it, does it?**

KW: Tea. With the meal. Now we have it after, or coffee. And we have wine. I don't remember seeing a bottle of wine in the liquor stores hardly. But homemade wine, for sure, again it goes back to the berries, people were making wine out of blueberries, rhubarb, dogberries. But for some reason in my family we always had coffee with fish and brewis, and of course it was always Nescafe out of the bottle. For them, coffee went with fish and brewis.

NQ: **Do you see any elements of Newfoundland cuisine slipping away? For health reasons or a change in taste?**

KW: Yes. I don't think the younger people today have a taste for that stuff. Certainly no interest in stuff like seal. I go to these church suppers where they have flipper dinner, and they are all baby boomers or older. I find that kind of sad. Salt cod, we practically invented salt cod, and seal and caribou and moose, well, moose is a relative newcomer I suppose, but all these things made us who we are. We're getting away from them, we're losing our taste for these things.

And fish and brewis. I know Purity Factories still sells their hard bread, but in fact a lot of Purity sales now are happening on the mainland in places like Alberta and Ontario where you have Newfoundlanders trying to find something to bring them back in touch with where they came from.

NQ: **Well there are two big cultural shifts right there. One is how people don't grow or hunt their own food but buy it at the grocery store. The other is where Newfoundlanders have moved now, and what makes them think of home. The cuisine is nostalgic.**

KW: Exactly. Exactly. All the stuff they grew up with. The hard bread. Jam-Jams. It's sad. A lot of it has to do with the fact that we can't get things any more. Salmon, cod, we were famous for salt cod, and you could always see it dried on flakes. Even the capelin, for God sake's, went away. Capelin were a staple. In our store there would be a stack of salted cod like kindling, and plastic bags of smoked capelin. But it is a thing of the past now.

Like picking berries. When I was a kid we would always go berrypicking, pile aboard and drive out to Avalon and we would be picking berries all day and then we'd get out the Coleman stove and have a boil-up, drink tea and eat sandwiches. Now we go to Sobey's or Dominion and buy a tub of frozen blueberries or pay a fortune for bakeapples in a bottle.

But there are interesting things happening. I applaud what's happening at Markland winery, they are using a raw product from Newfoundland, they have one called Barren's Blend, which is a mixture of different berries, it's lovely. Aquaculture's taking off. The mussels are the best in the world and really safe. There are wonderful things happening on a very small scale.

NQ: **Do you see any gaps in the current restaurant scene?**

KW: We still need, in St. John's, a restaurant, let's use the term fine dining, that really focuses on the traditional Newfoundland dishes. Nicole's out in Joe Batt's Arm is doing this. When you order Jigg's Dinner it comes in a wide white bowl. The carrots and the cabbage and the salt beef and so forth are arranged just so, it's beautiful. We need to serve that kind of food in St. John's in a sophisticated dining setting. There's nothing wrong with Velma's. But people, especially on holiday, can want the white tablecloths and a bit of atmosphere. NQ

JIM MAUNDER

Potato Farm, 2007. Welded steel, 59" x 81" x 20".

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He'd seen them in Tucker's in Burnt Point. He'd like a few grapes too.

"I mean the name Evelyn," said Mary. "I'm talkin' about them names you brought up. What about somebody wanted to call a child that? It's what our granddaughter was called. You haven't met her yet, but I expect you will soon. She's Joe's daughter. You'll remember Joe, he left here just after the War started? Went to work on high steel in New York? A skinny man with bad teeth in front?"

"Couldn't afford a dentist back then," Sam said. "Poor Joe. He really suffered."

The priest frowned. He took another couple of grapes, and so did Sam. "I remember the name, that's all. I was up in Labrador for most of 1940, on my mission to the Indians. Naskapis, they were. He must have left when I was there. I had my hands full that year. I must tell you about it sometime."

"Tell us now," Sam said.

"Well, he settled down, our Joe did," said Mary, "joined the Army, got married to Ann, Jackson her name was, a Protestant, and they had one child, Evelyn. They wanted more but couldn't get 'em. Or she didn't want 'em, that could be too, Americans don't like too many children hangin' round the house, so I heard. Anyway, she's 13 now, top of her class in school. A redhead. Plays the violin. Looks like a model, so everyone says. She went with her mother in religion."

The grapes were finished. Sam pushed the bowl to the edge of the table where it wouldn't be in the way when they got their breakfast.

"I'm waitin' for the ham to fry up the way you like it," Mary said. "The toast bread is done and buttered. The eggs are done. But tell me, is there a St. Evelyn?"

"I'm in no hurry," the priest said. "I don't think there's a saint of that name, I'd have to look it up. But offhand I'd say Evelyn is fine. I'd let you off with that. There's an Eve in it anyway."

"I'm not saying she's perfect," Mary said.

"Eve wasn't perfect," said the priest, chuckling. "Not like Mary."

Mary went back to the stove, got more coffee, and poured. Then she brought the breakfast. Ham, slices of potato fried brown, and fried eggs, with thick slices of toast. A bottle of jam was on the table. Sam and the priest took some on their knives and spread it on the bread. Sam went to the cupboard and got catsup to put on his potatoes. He liked lots of it. So did Jimmy. They dug in, not saying much. Mary only had tea and toast and one egg. That would have been enough for Jimmy too. He noticed they didn't say grace, the way his family did before every meal. He figured you don't have to say it at breakfast. He'd mention that to his mother.

"I can always get a good breakfast here," the priest said. He was almost finished, but had some mopping up to do with the toast. "That's something I look forward to. And you know, it's delicious, you saw me eat every scrap on the plate, but it's only ham, and ham is pig. I tell the Northern Bayers all the time to get pigs, but they won't. And hens, a lot of 'em won't get hens either. They could have meals like this too, Sam, for next to nothing."

"They don't know how to live, down there," Sam said. "They'll stay poor, that crowd, they're paupers."

"Nothing wrong with honest poverty," the priest said. "St. Francis of Assisi was poor."

"I never liked the name Francis for a man," Sam said. "Frank, now, that's different, that's ok."

The priest went on. "Yes, and Jesus was poor. Joseph and Mary were poor. But they had a carpenter shop and knew how to live. I'd guess they had a pig or two in their stable, hens too. Northern Bayers won't learn. Gull Islanders either. I'm wasting my fragrance on them."

"Your fragrance, Father?" asked Mary.

"It's from an old poem I quote sometimes in sermons. 'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air.' Thomas Gray wrote it. I learned it off as a child."

The men took more coffee and kept chatting as Mary cleaned up. Jimmy's stomach was rumbling again. He had a headache too. He thought he saw a cat with a long tail under the settle and leaned over to look. But no cat was in there, just a lot of old shoes and a book with the cover off, called The Green Mat or Hat. He couldn't be sure of the last word.

When he got back up his head was spinning. His nose was stuffed up now so he used the handkerchief his mother had given him in case he needed it at mass. He tried not to honk too loud. That made his ears pain, and he put his head back against the wall and rested. He could hardly hear

what the others were saying. About Indians, most of it. How good they were to the priest out in the woods. They were simple but kind, they looked up to him...

He saw a door open near the stove. He hadn't seen it before, it must be the door to the front room, he thought. Or the bedrooms. Out of it came a girl in a blue nightgown and bare feet. She had reddish hair tied in a braid behind her head, and he guessed she was the one they were talking about around the table. She had what his mother would call a saucy look on her face. He waited to see if Sam or Mary would speak to her. They'd been saying this and that about her, why not call her over? He thought they must have a really serious talk going.

The girl looked around the room, came over to the settle, and sat down next to him. She was nice enough, he thought, but sitting too close. He moved towards the wall, but she moved closer. She whispered, leaning close to his ear: "If you want one of them apples, go over and take it." Jimmy shook his head. "Or you can just grab one on your way out. They won't even notice if you're quick. If they say anything, just say you thought they wouldn't mind." He couldn't do that. That was wrong.

"Want me to get one for you?" she whispered. He shook his head again. He liked the way she was blowing into his ear.

"You have hair on your face," she said. "Let me touch it." She rubbed her hands over him, softly.

"Smell me," she said, "I have fragrance on." She did smell good, he had to admit it.

"You're special," she said, "I like you, so let me put my hand there." She reached into his pants pocket before he knew what she was up to and tickled him through his underwear. He jerked away fast, shocked that someone would try that so soon after his communion. He was worried the priest might see what was going on.

She squeezed against him, and he pressed himself to the wall at the end of the settle. "Don't be a scaredy cat old pauper," she said, "Here, give me your hand." He gave it to her. "What a nice hand you have!" She took it and stroked it. He liked that. She put it in her lap. "Go on, touch me there. Ooooo, it's nice." He touched something soft through the nightgown, and pulled his hand back. It would have been good to leave it there, though.

"I'll see you when you come back," she said. "I have more things to do to you." Jimmy put his hand out to feel her again but she disappeared through the door she'd come out of.

* * *

"We got to go now, Jimmy." The priest's voice boomed at him as through a fog, and he turned toward the table. All hands were standing up, the priest already had his coat on. Mary had cleared the table and put the bowl of apples in the middle. Jimmy got slowly to his feet and put on his parka.

The parka had pockets big enough to hold apples, but he saw that he wouldn't be able to reach the bowl without stretching in over, and they'd know for sure what he was up to.

He looked to see if the girl was going to come out to see them off, but she didn't, and Sam and Mary didn't call her or go to fetch her.

They went out to the car. Jimmy said: "I'll get in the back seat this time."

"Sure," the priest said. "You're looking a bit pale, Jimmy, I hope we didn't leave you too long on the settle."

"I didn't mind at all."

"Good, I'm glad."

The priest started talking as soon as they got on the road. It was all about Labrador. He'd been in the Mealy Mountains with the Naskapis. They'd looked after him.

They drove back towards Northern Bay. Jimmy moved to the side of the car where the priest couldn't see him and untied the string on the bag of money. Three quarters lay on top of the coppers and 5-cent pieces. He could take them. They wouldn't be missed, he knew that. He could get a lot of apples for 75 cents. Maybe next time he would take some. But he'd soon be home. No need to do it today.

He retied the string and pushed the bag away from him. He touched his face. There really was hair there. The priest talked on about the Indians. Jimmy didn't listen. He sat back in the soft leather. He was hungry and might have the flu but as he looked through the car window at the rocks and trees flying past he felt his body tremble with excitement over what lay ahead of him. NQ

Patrick O' Flaherty is a writer, academic and historian.

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found a cab, and we made off for the far distant suburbs where someone's cousin was hosting the party. We got there at the same time as the band, and were quickly ushered into a house absolutely heaving with people. Instruments of all types were soon out, and the session began in earnest. Everyone knew each other, and my friend and I were welcomed. It seemed that Newfoundland players were as exotic to them as the Cape Bretoners were to us. The show at the club had somehow been seamlessly transferred into this house, and with the addition of another 20 or 30 participants, the tunes just seemed to get better and better. I felt like I had stepped into this alternate universe, where everyone around me was into the thing I loved more than anything in the world. It was if I had finally found my niche, my group, my place in the world. Despite being total strangers, and having arrived uninvited, numerous beers were pressed into our hands, our instruments were welcomed, and we joined in with great gusto. Eventually, the big Scots pipes came out, and to the accompaniment of drummers bashing away on the kitchen table, the walls, and whatever else they could find (to the horror of the cousin and host), two pipers led a drunken parade through the house, fiddles, whistles and dancers going mad behind them. It was, bar none, the best party I had ever been to in my life, and I decided right there on the spot that I was done with the punk scene, student journalism, my on-and-off girlfriend, and every other vague career or life plan I had hatched – this was the future, it looked amazing, and I was going to seize it with both hands.

Around daylight the party wound down, or we became so drunk that no further music was possible; the memory has blurred a bit there. I do recall that it took us hours to get back to our digs, as neither of us had a clue where (a) we were, or (b) where we were billeted; and our friend from the bar was long gone. Somehow it didn't seem to matter. Stumbling around the streets of Halifax in a drunken stupor presented no problems for me. Besides being absolutely legless, I was wrapped in a musical glow that took months to wear off. As soon as I got home, I ditched my amps and bass, dug out my whistle and accordions, and started practicing for real. The *Barras* had changed my life. Whatever it took to ensure having that much fun again, I was going to do it.

*

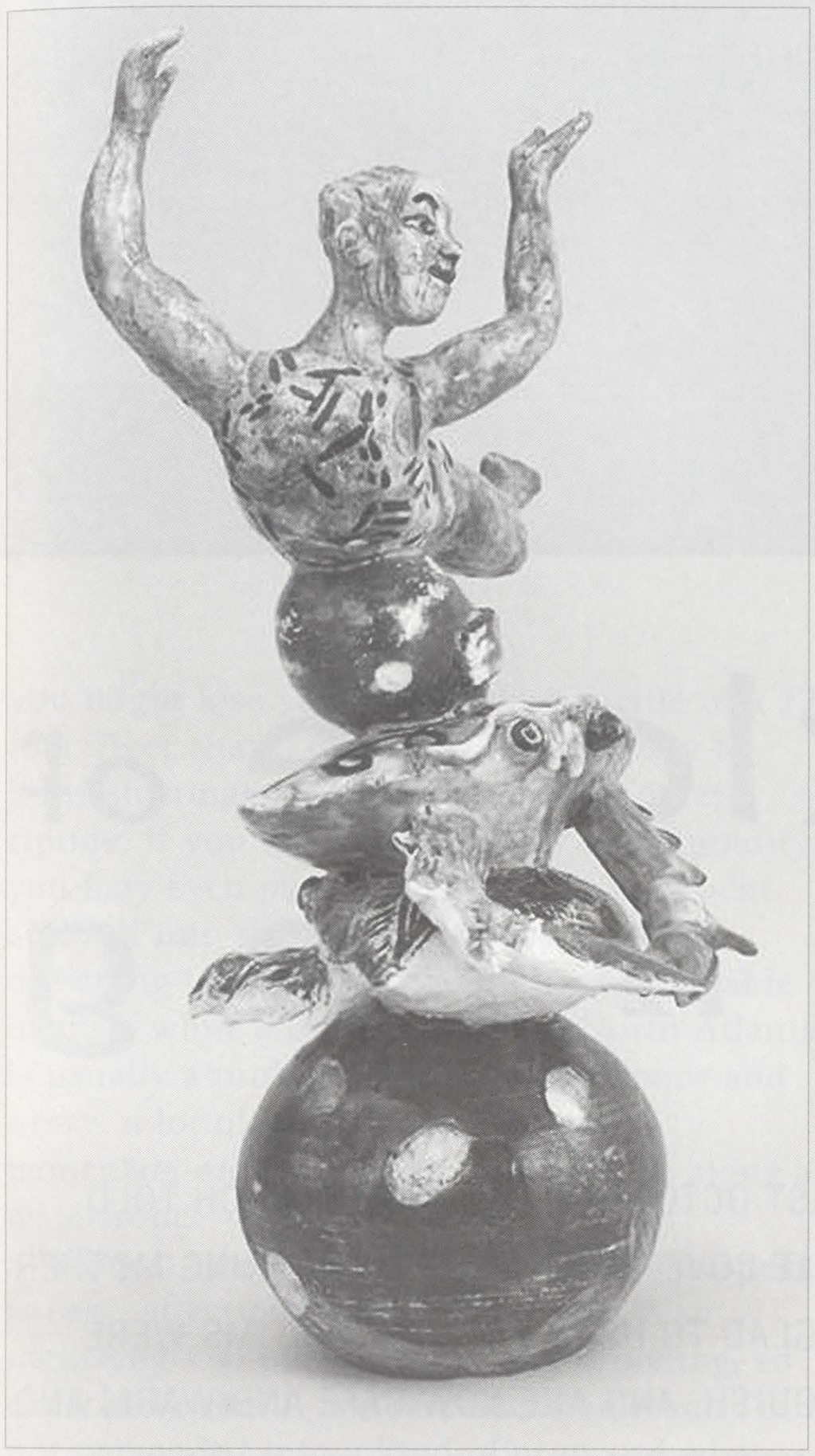
Years later, *Great Big Sea* crossed paths with them professionally for the first time, when we supported them on a show in Cape Breton. Backstage, I sat down with Kyle, the eldest brother and defacto band-leader. I figured you only get one chance to thank someone who had had such a huge impact on your life, and I was going to take it. I had spent years prior to that gig envying them, their ability to play music in such circumstances, the fact that they regularly enjoyed evenings like the one I had fluked into. My own desire to live in that enticing world had fueled the ambition to start *Rankin Street* and other pub bands, learn all those tunes and instruments, suffer those tough years out in the bars, and to ultimately move onto *Great Big Sea* and everything that had followed. If I had not gone to that party that night, I would probably have stayed at my nascent government job, slowly sliding into despair, always wondering what I had missed. I felt like that girl in the *Titanic* movie; I had been saved in every way, and the *Barras* were responsible. Even though it felt a bit silly to tell him all that, the emotions were too big to contain.

To my astonishment, Kyle immediately knew what party I was talking about. When the others joined the conversation, it transpired that they too remembered it vividly. Even more surprisingly, they recalled it with just as much nostalgia. They were happy to reminisce about the pipers in the hallway, the wild dancing, the packed kitchen full of fiddlers, the counter-top drummers, the endless drinks, everything. And they had remembered it so well because during their long career together, it was the only such party they had ever been to. Nothing like it had ever happened to them again.

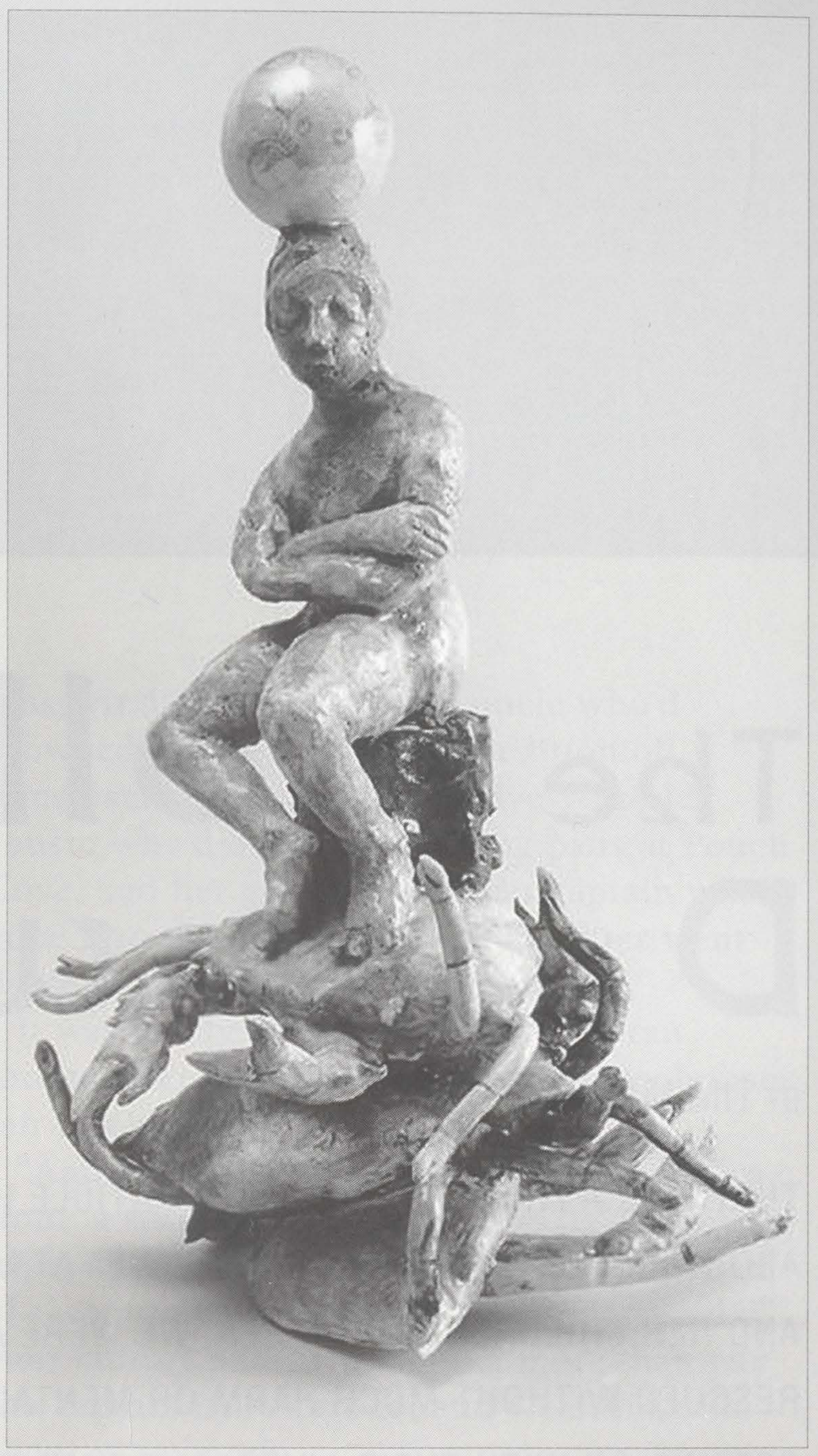
Which just goes to show, sometimes you really do have to be in the right place at the right time. NQ

Bob Hallett is a musician and writer. This essay is excerpted from a collection coming next year from Insomniac Press.

REED WEIR



Crab Acrobat, 2005. Stoneware clay, 16.75" x 9.75" x 8.25".



All For One, 2005. Stoneware clay, 16.75" x 9.75" x 8.25".

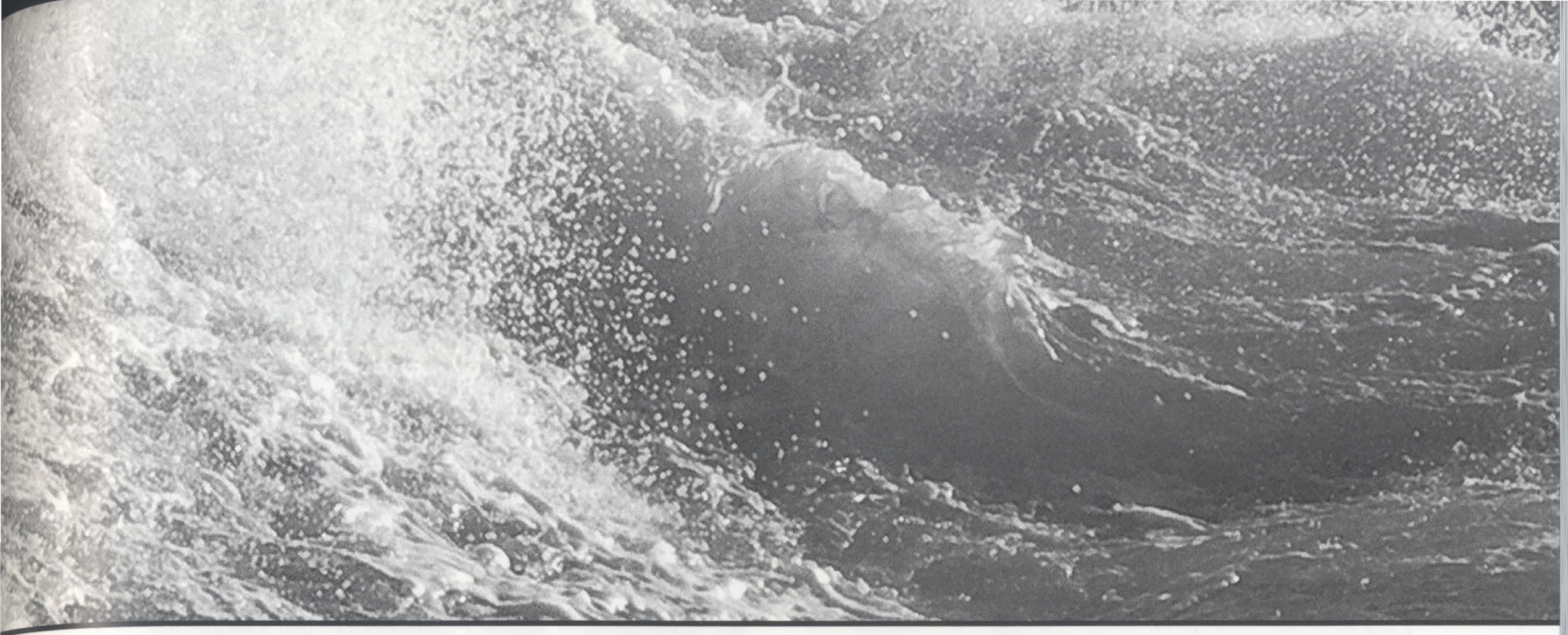
The Folklore of Drowning

BY TIM MARSH

THAT WAS A FRIGHTENING LITTLE ARTICLE IN LAST OCTOBER'S *TELEGRAM*, WHICH TOLD ABOUT A SPONTANEOUS "DEATH WAVE" AT MIDDLE COVE THAT SNATCHED A YOUNG MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN OUT TO SEA. WE WERE ALL GLAD TO HEAR THAT THE VICTIMS WERE RESCUED WITHOUT MUCH HARM OR MENTAL ANGUISH, AND ARE NOW SAFE AND WARM AND GETTING ON WITH THEIR LIVES, BUT THAT DOES NOTHING TO EASE OUR WORRY OF A PREDATOR THAT CAN PLUCK ITS PREY FROM THE SHORE AS EASILY AS A BERRYPICKER PLUCKS HIS PARTRIDGEBERRIES.

The folklore of drowning is as much a part of Newfoundland heritage as the folklore of fairies and Bob Bartlett. With all the literature I have read about this province, because half my life is spent writing papers about its culture and people, I rarely come across a tale where somebody hasn't drowned, nearly drowned, discovered a drowned body or rescued a person who almost drowned. Thus I'm a little embarrassed to say that I've known more people who've been killed by a shark (two) than people who've drowned in the ocean - embarrassed because I was raised beside the equally perilous Pacific and should have more to share on the topic of life lost to water.

But the fact is the Pacific doesn't take lives the way the Atlantic does. It certainly doesn't take lives in manner of the North Atlantic. It does not form itself into a spontaneous fist and snatch a family from the bonfire shore. It does not freeze the blood, petrify the muscles or squash the breathing like ten grand pianos slowly being placed on your chest. Out west



you might lose your life to the appetite of a 12-foot Tiger shark, or an unknown allergy to jellyfish stings, or be abducted by a quiet riptide. If you have some money and stupidity you may even pass out drunk on your yacht and roll into the marina. At any rate, a drowning in the Pacific is often a fashionable demise, while a drowning in the North Atlantic is usually a proletarian end full of honor and nerve, a lot of media coverage, and a nameplate on a monument somewhere along a waterfront.

When it comes to the North Atlantic respect is easy; affection is hard. The ocean is so menacing - so purple, bleak and brooding, so constantly, that it is a rare occasion when I'm not persuaded into a kind of grim and edgy malaise when looking at it.

Last summer I went on a date with a Newfoundland girl who suggested we drive out to Flatrock to hike a jut of shrubby coastland called The Beamer. We packed sandwiches, bottled water, scaled the jagged rock face and found a small bunker built into the cliff. We ate our sandwiches and read the rude graffiti painted on the walls, and afterward we watched the waves lick with fearful anger against the cliffs across the bay.

Somehow we got on the subject of drowning. I told her I couldn't imagine a more miserable way to go and she told me about her brother who'd drowned with friends in Portugal Cove when their boat tipped over in a strong crosswind. And then of her uncle who'd drowned during a fishing expedition off Bonavista North, and her twelve-year-old cousin who'd drowned jumping pans at Pouch Cove, and her great grandfather captain who'd gone into the drink when his freighter went down in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It was barely believable. Drowning ran through her family history the way alcoholism ran through mine.

"And for what?" I said. "A miserable cod, a trout, a seal? All that loss."

She shrugged, said nothing. It was the kind of response you give when you understand your culture and its reasoning more than you can explain it, or care to, and we didn't talk about it anymore.

Some circles of life you can't understand unless you're a part of them. A thousand Newfoundland fishermen straight and strong strike daily out to sea to make their living. And a million lay under the hypothermic waves and their muscle and flesh feed the fish that lead the thousands to the brink of the same fate.

In that terrifying final book of the Bible we are told that on the Day of Judgment all the seas of the world will give up their dead, and when that day comes, we may be sure that this particular sea will give a mighty and thunderous belch. NQ

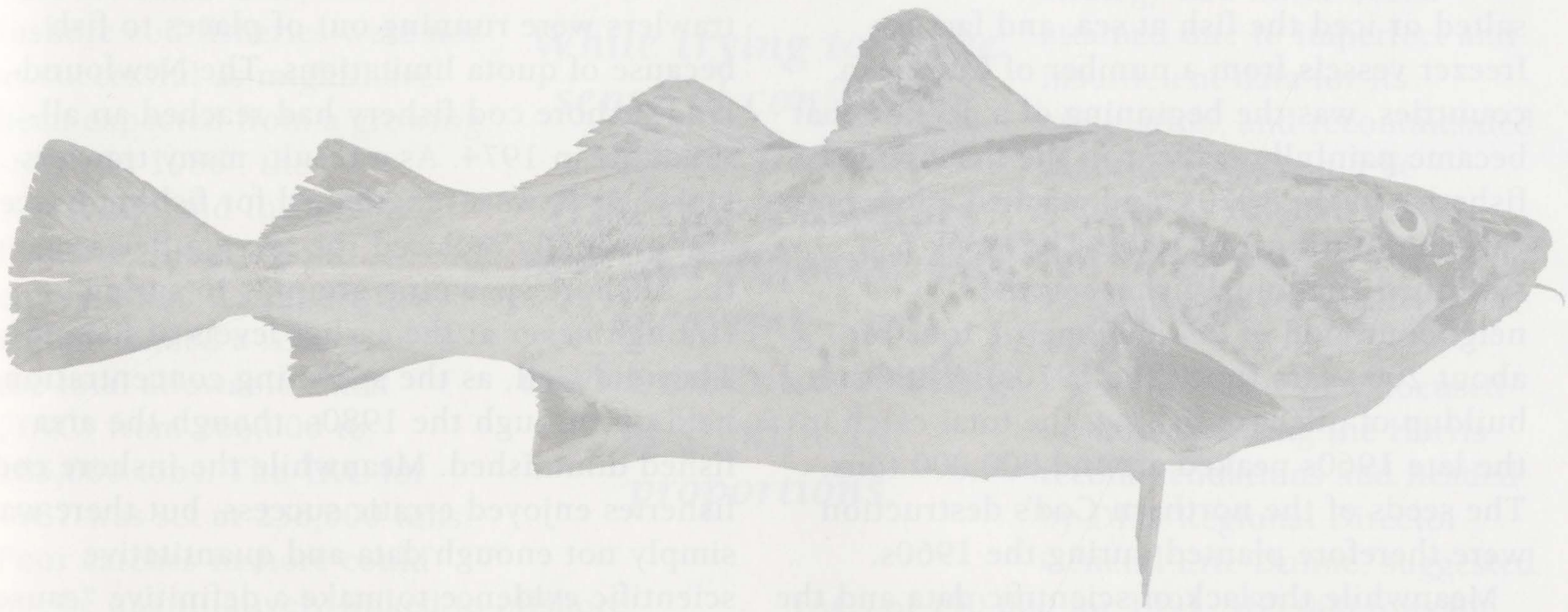
Tim Marsh is a poet, essayist and a graduate student in the Folklore Studies Program at Memorial University.

MEMORIAL PRESENTS

THE COLLAPSE OF THE NORTHERN COD

BY ART MAY

The sixteenth in a series of articles developed from regular public forums sponsored by the Leslie Harris Centre of Regional Policy and Development. Memorial Presents features speakers from Memorial University who address issues of public concern in the province.



What happened to the Northern Cod? This resource had sustained Newfoundland and Labrador for hundreds of years, but it is now so depleted that there is a moratorium prohibiting any harvesting of the stock. How did this unfortunate state of affairs happen? And what are the predictions for its future?

The northern cod stock occupy the waters from Hopedale to St John's, migrating seasonally to the offshore banks for spawning and to the inshore fishing grounds for the summer feeding on capelin. In addition, small stocks reside in the bays year round, and are known as "bay stocks". We sometimes hear that the northern cod has sustained us for 500 years. Since Newfoundland settlement really only became serious after the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and even then much of the coast (the French Shore) was "off limits" to English settlers, the period of sustenance was closer to 200 years, from the late 1700s to the late 1900s. That doesn't make it any less important since for all that time the economy of the colony, the country and the province was mostly about cod – "Newfoundland Currency" as the one-cent postage stamp correctly identified the mainstay of the economy.

The fishery was concentrated on the headlands and islands of the great bays of the east coast, with a migratory fishery from these bays taking place each summer along the coast of Labrador. Literally tens of thousands of Newfoundlanders migrated north each summer on hundreds of fishing schooners (floaters) or to many dozens of fishing stations along the Labrador coast (stationers). They joined the permanent inhabitants of the Labrador coast (livyers), who also migrated seasonally from the bottom of the bays in Labrador, where winter food and fuel were

more accessible, to the headlands and islands. The fish were light-salted and dried on the island, then more heavily salted and sold as wet "salt bulk" from Labrador. The period of abundance was short (a few months) and occasionally the fishery failed, probably for reasons of adverse oceanographic climate.

All this changed quickly and substantially in the years following World War II. The appearance on the offshore banks, especially during the spawning season, of trawlers that salted or iced the fish at sea, and factory freezer vessels from a number of European countries, was the beginning of a decline that became painfully evident in the inshore cod fisheries in the 1970s, and reached a low point (pre-moratorium) in 1974. The stock had sustained an annual fishery in the neighbourhood of 250,000 metric tons for about 200 years (until the 1970s). With the buildup of offshore fishing, the total catch in the late 1960s peaked around 800,000 tons. The seeds of the northern Cod's destruction were therefore planted during the 1960s.

Meanwhile the lack of scientific data and the absence of effective management measures allowed the reduction to continue until the ultimate collapse and moratorium on fishing in 1992. This is not to say that the loss of the northern cod fishery was entirely a phenomenon of overfishing. There is little doubt that the *coup de grâce* was the result of very unusual severe environmental cooling in the early 1990s, resulting in failure of young cod to survive, as well as a geographic shift in distribution.

The first systematic collection of data on the northern cod stock was undertaken only in 1959. The state of scientific knowledge in the 1960s was such that no estimates of stock size could be made. The fisheries took place mostly outside Canadian control (12 miles), and without any meaningful international management. ICNAF (the International Commission for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries) was created in 1949, and became a useful mechanism for collecting and sharing catch statistics and early information on the biology of the various fish stocks, but was only beginning to implement quantitative management measures in the few years before its demise in 1977. These measures were implemented with great difficulty because of the huge international investment in the northwest Atlantic fisheries, and were not effective in arresting the decline in stock abundance.

By the mid 1970s and until extension of Canadian fisheries jurisdiction to 200 miles on January 1, 1977, the Canadian offshore trawlers were running out of places to fish because of quota limitations. The Newfoundland inshore cod fishery had reached an all-time low in 1974. As a result, many trawlers had their bows strengthened for fishing in ice, and gradually replaced the foreign fleets on the offshore spawning grounds in spring (though never at the earlier levels of fishing). They did well, as the spawning concentration held up through the 1980s, though the area fished diminished. Meanwhile the inshore cod fisheries enjoyed erratic success, but there was simply not enough data and quantitative scientific evidence to make a definitive "cause and effect" conclusion associated with the offshore fishery (I had published a short article in *Trade News* as early as 1964 connecting the two in terms of some gross measures of fishing success inshore).

An economic downturn in the early 1980s created a financial crisis in the industry as a whole, but in particular, within the large integrated fishing companies. Ignoring advice from the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) not to expand, and its refusal to issue licences for additional offshore capacity, these companies forged ahead with significant added plant capacity in spite of the cutoff of federal subsidies. They were all technically bankrupt by 1980 (the ratio of debt to equity was 10:1). DFO had forecasted significant increases in fish stocks, but had also forecasted that enough processing capacity already existed to process all the fish to become available. Federal subsidies to processing plants were ended, but some very large plants (in Triton and Jackson's Arm) were built anyway with bank financing. A crisis came at St. Barbe,

when the Member of Parliament (Brian Tobin) and the Minister of DFO (Hon. Romeo Leblanc) came to the riding to tell the people that a proposed new plant would not receive Federal subsidy. The rusting steel girders were there for years as a monument to the "tragedy of the commons". Most of the companies which fished offshore went through a significant "bailout" and restructuring financed by the Government of Canada.

At the same time, the inshore cod fisheries were not as successful as might have been expected from a growing stock. In 1986[1], the Newfoundland Inshore Fisheries Association commissioned a report that recommended a reduction in the total allowable catch (TAC) from 266,000 to 185,000 tons. The TAC for 1987 was set at 256,000 tons. Poor catches inshore could not be quantitatively linked to offshore fishing; the data were just not complete enough to prove cause and effect. Complicating the picture was a 1986 offshore research vessel survey that showed an anomalous high result for cod abundance. The data were treated with suspicion by DFO scientists – appropriately so as it turned out – but it did contribute to the uncertainty about what was actually happening. It is worth noting that meaningful surveys of northern cod were not started until 1978-79, when ice-strengthened research vessels became available; so that it was not until the mid 1980s that a data series existed.

The accumulation of conflicting data and evident decline of inshore fishing success led to an intense period of high profile scientific review. The Task Group on Newfoundland Inshore Fisheries (with three non-Canadian and two Canadian scientists) was unable to find major trouble spots. The TAC for 1988 was set at 266,000 tons, believed to be below the F0.1 level, a conservative measure of fishing effort[2]. Much retrospective analysis continued, and in 1989 the TAC was initially set again at 266,000 tons. DFO scientists by then had spotted definite trouble, and advised that the TAC for F0.1 would need to be 125,000 tons. In February of that year DFO Minister Tom Siddon announced that the TAC would be 235,000 tons, essentially abandoning the F0.1 strategy.

Dr. Leslie Harris was then asked to do a new review. His report concluded that the F0.1 strategy had never been attained due to imperfect and insufficient data for its calculation, and recommended that the TAC should be reduced to 190,000 tons. It was subsequently set at 197,000 tons for the year 1990.

While trying to make sense of conflicting signals from the fisheries something new and different was occurring - an environmental cooling of significant proportions.

Yet another review, focused on implementing the Harris recommendations and headed by DFO Regional Director General Eric Dunne, suggested TACs of 190,000 for 1991, 185,000 tons for 1992 and 180,000 tons for 1993. With the wisdom of hindsight, it is now clear that the experts were "chasing the fishery downhill", yet as late as 1991 scientists were forced to reconcile conflicting signals from the fishery: the catch by fixed gear in 1991 was the highest since 1982, and this would have been difficult to reconcile with indicators of population decline.

While trying to make sense of conflicting signals from the fisheries, something new and different was occurring – an environmental cooling of significant proportions which resulted in major shifts southward and offshore of cod and other species. Foreign fishing on the northeast edge of the Grand Bank outside 200 miles became more successful, and TACs were overrun from 1988 -1990. It is worth observing that in the late 1980s, Spain and Portugal joined the European Economic Community (EEC), with the provision that they should not fish in EEC waters for some years. The displaced fishing effort subsequently turned up on the Grand

Bank. The EEC refused to accept NAFO[3] quotas, and fishing was essentially uncontrolled at a time when the remaining cod (and other species) were moving south and offshore. The result was a demise more rapid and more devastating than it otherwise might have been.

The years 1991-92 were a period of intense review activity, with the revelations that the stock was at a very low level; that there were almost no young fish (almost the whole stock was composed of only two age groups, 1986 and 1987); that NAFO quotas had been substantially exceeded; and that the stock had evidently declined abruptly.

After a virtual failure of the winter fishery confirmed the significant decline, a two-year moratorium on fishing was announced July 2, 1992. In 2009, we still await the return of the cod and the cod fisheries. We had a "perfect storm" of man-made and natural events that combined to produce a disaster of "biblical proportions", quoting Richard Cashin[4] at the time.

Will the cod return to anything like its original abundance? It is in the natural order of things that they will, though their replacement by shrimp and crab (a lower level in the ecosystem) has certainly delayed that recovery. (Meanwhile, the significant fisheries on these species should allow the cod more room to recover).

The mature northwest Atlantic ecosystem was dominated by cod for a very long time. It has been very much disturbed, but I think not destroyed. We will again have a significant cod fishery, but it probably won't look much like the one we had. In particular we should not expect a recovery large enough to support a fishery anything like that of the 1960s – probably a period of unusually favourable conditions for cod production. NQ

Dr. Art May is President Emeritus of Memorial University and a former Deputy Minister in the Department of Fisheries and Oceans of the Government of Canada.

Author's note: This essay is intended as a compact review for the general reader, rather than a scientific paper. Several review papers have been consulted and discussions undertaken with people directly involved at the time. Unanimity on cause and effect does not exist. The conclusions of this short review are those of the author.

1 I should note that I was Deputy Minister of the Department of Fisheries and Oceans from October 1982 to December 31, 1985, and had no current knowledge of events beyond that point in time.

2 F0.1 is an expression of the law of diminishing returns; the level of fishing effort at the point in development of the fishery where the addition of another vessel would result in a catch increase only 10% of that which would have been achieved if the vessel was added at the beginning of the fishery.

3 The Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization (NAFO) is an intergovernmental fisheries science and management body founded in 1979 as a successor to ICNAF.

4 Richard Cashin is a former leader of the Fish, Food and Allied Workers.

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ASPECTS

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By Suzanne Sexty

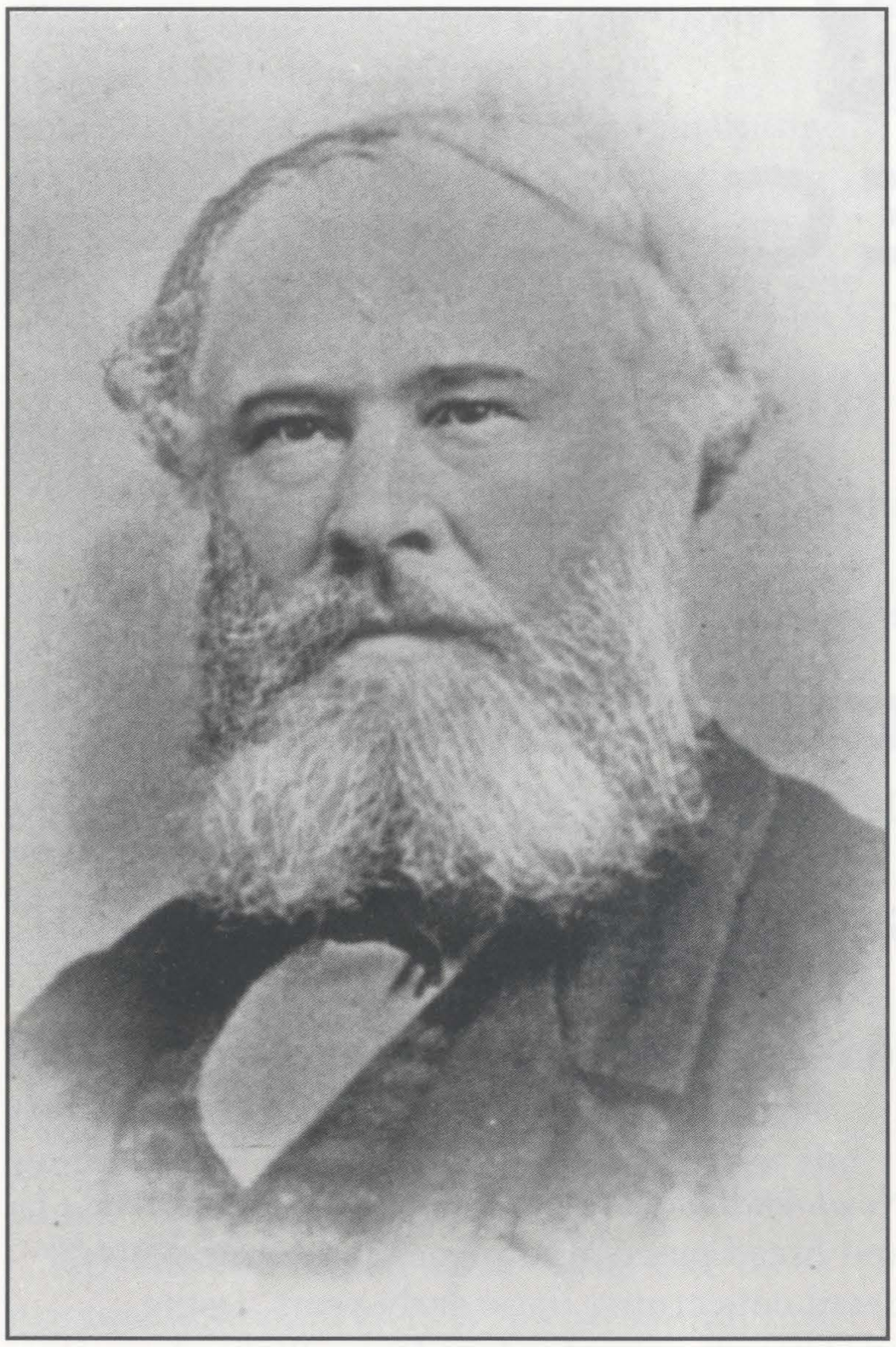
GILBERT BROWNING: "The Taste Will Tell"

THIS ARTICLE IS PART OF AN ONGOING PROJECT TO WRITE A HISTORY OF THE GENERAL PROTESTANT CEMETERY (ST. JOHN'S) AND SOME OF THE PEOPLE BURIED THERE.

Flour, salt, something sweet, a little liquid, stir, put into a dish, bake, and you have unleavened bread. Add yeast and you have leavened bread. Vary the flour, sweetener, and the liquid, add the yeast, or not, shape in one of hundreds of ways and you have a variety of breads or plain and fancy biscuits. Simple. Bread may not be the stuff that wars are fought over; although, stories tell us the croissant was created by the Franks in 732 to celebrate their defeat of the Muslim invasion of Tours. It may be considered too prosaic for romance, although, Omar Khayyam thought it an essential component in his romantic trio. Some may think that bread is too common to command respect, although, it is for many a central symbol in their religious practices. What is it about this combination of basic ingredients that has caused bread to be called the "staff of life?" Let's leave that for the philosophers to consider, while we ponder the equally fascinating subject of bread in Newfoundland.

During the early years of Newfoundland's occupation, bread was either carried here on the ships that brought the seasonal workers, or, later, was imported. The *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*'s article on bread and bread manufacture goes into quite a bit of detail concerning these early years. Using quotations, going back as far as Richard Whitbourne in 1620 and up through the 1700s, it leaves little doubt that "biskett" was an important component of the diet of these early Newfoundlanders. Most of this bread, hard bread mainly, was imported. At various times, and depending on tariffs and who was at war with whom, the bread would have come from England, Ireland, the United States, even Canada and France and later Germany. By the 1770s Newfoundland had come to rely on the United States for its supply of bread, flour, sugar, and other commodities. Although bread is discussed in any number of early documents, it was not until the early 1800s that bread was manufactured in Newfoundland.

H. F. Shortis[1] claims that W.F. and D.S. Rennie, at their Rennie's River mill in St. John's, first manufactured hard bread in Newfoundland in 1836. Hard bread (also known as Hamburg bread, hard tack, ship's biscuit) was what was primarily purchased commercially in Newfoundland at the time. Soft bread (also known as sweet bread or excursion bread) was



G. Browning from H.Y. Mott, Newfoundland men
http://collections.mun.ca/u?/cns,26300

made in the home. Hard bread was just what it sounds like. On its website, Purity Factories Ltd. describes hard bread as "a firm biscuit baked in a time honoured tradition to create its unique texture."[2] In other words, because of the way it was manufactured, it had a long shelf life and was easy to store, very important criteria on long sea voyages and when storage facilities were rudimentary, but you might need a hammer to make it edible.

The names Rennie, Murray, Lash, and Vail are most often associated with early bread making enterprises in St. John's, but our focus will be on Gilbert Browning. Browning, the founder of one of the longest operating bakeries in St. John's, didn't come to make bread; in fact he was a "Johnny come lately" to the business. Rather he came to St. John's to help to rebuild the city after the Fire of 1846.

Gilbert Browning and the Fire of 1846

Gilbert Browning (1821 October 19 – 1882 September 1) was born in Newmilns,[3] a small town in East Ayrshire, Scotland. Early in his life his parents moved to Greenock, that seaport which would be the departure point for so many 19th century Scottish immigrants to Newfoundland. Browning was trained as an architect and builder and it was in this capacity that he was brought to St. John's after the Fire of 1846. The extensive properties of Baine, Johnston & Co. had been destroyed in the fire, so the company turned to Greenock for someone to carry out the project of rebuilding the premises.

In 1842 Browning married Elizabeth Blair (c1822-1907)[4] and, by the time they were ready to settle in St. John's, they were the parents of a daughter, Elizabeth, and a son, James.[5] In addition to his work on the Baine, Johnston properties, Browning is remembered as the designer of Richmond Hill.[6] This rather impressive residence, which still stands at the foot of Shaw Street, was constructed for the St. John's merchant and politician, the Hon. Kenneth McLea. Built in 1848, it was one of the first of the large homes of the merchant families who chose to live in the West End after the Fire. In 1879 Browning would, buy the house[7] and a Browning would remain in it until 1929 when his daughter Elizabeth died.[8]

Before either the bakery or the purchase of Richmond Hill happened, Browning would "successively conduct with more or less profit a sawmill, a cod-oil refinery, boot factory and several other industries."[9] Details of the sawmill and cod oil refinery are yet to be discovered, but there are records indicating that Browning had licenses to search for minerals at various places including Bett's Cove, Rogers Harbour, St. Julien, and Sop's Arm.[10] The Rev. Moses Harvey wrote in the Montreal *Gazette* that "Mr. Gilbert Browning has leased his copper mine in Green Bay, to a wealthy English Company" and he would be receiving "a royalty of eight shillings sterling per ton on all ore which is exported."[11] Dabbling in mining was a practice much in favour among St. John's merchants during the mid to late 1800s and, it would appear, that Browning, and later his eldest son

James, would maintain an interest in the activity all their lives. In James, Browning had a kindred spirit, someone who was interested in diversification. It was James who was involved with the boot factory and also a tannery and who would later join his father in the bakery.[12]

Gilbert Browning as a baker

Most accounts of the rise of Browning as a baker give 1860 as the year that he established his first bakery at the foot of Barter's Hill, or, as his advertisement would state, "at the head of Queen Street." The advertisement further shows Browning to be a biscuit manufacturer as opposed to a "baker and confectioner" as others advertised themselves. This distinction would indicate that he specialized in making hard bread. The starting date of 1860 seems likely as Browning was occupying land on Barter's Hill in 1864 when he purchased adjacent land from James Reid.[13] Sometime before 1870 this bakery burned down and Browning rebuilt the Queen's Bakery at 371 Water Street at a location that was shared by James' boot and shoemaking business.[14]

It is difficult to determine how many persons were engaged in the baking industry, either as individuals or as companies. Directories are often used, and they do give a broad impression, but are not specific. For instance, in the St. John's Business Directory section of Hutchinson's 1864-65 directory,[15] there are 16 entries under the heading "Bakers." However, G. Browning is not one of them even though he has an advertisement in the publication and his listing on page 78 indicates that he is a "biscuit manufacturer" for which there is no heading. As well, 16 people in the listings for "A-D" alone indicated that their profession was "baker." By 1870-71, McAlpine[16] is listing 17 businesses as "bakers" with two, G Browning and Vail's Steam Bakery (William Wheatley,

agent) also listed as "biscuit manufacturers." The important, if not scientific, conclusion is that there was a good deal of competition in the bakery business. John Joy identifies six of the McAlpine list as major bakeries and confectioners with one, Vail's, incorporated as Vail's Joint Stock Company. Of the other five firms, four were partnerships (G. Browning and Son, Alexander Harvey Company, J. and G. Lash, and John and G. Ayre); Thomas Mitchell was the sole owner of the fifth one.[17]

Vail's bakery would play a significant role in Browning's success and its history and importance deserves attention. N. Robert Vail was an American who probably came to Newfoundland in the 1850s. He began by manufacturing soft bread and later perfected a process for producing hard bread that they sold as Hamburg bread. In 1863 Vail sold to a syndicate of local merchants[18] and returned to the United States. The plant that Vail sold must have been one of, if not the, most modern of the bakeries on the Island. On its website, Otis Worldwide describes Vail as "a busy St. John's Newfoundland baker" who had turned to Elisha Otis' sons, Charles and Norton, for help in 1862. Vail needed to find a better way to move heavy ingredients and finished goods in his mill and bakery. The Otis brothers provided him with a "No. 2 Machine, complete with elaborate handwritten specifications and schematics." The machine, i.e., elevator, was capable of lifting 1,000 pounds and was "painted the curious color of 'chrome gold.'" It was the first elevator that Otis had sold outside of the United States[19] – and most probably, the first elevator in Newfoundland.

Vail's may have started out on a promising note; however, by 1875, the company was not performing well enough to satisfy its shareholders. On April 21, 1875, James Murray, a well-known St. John's baker, purchased the company.[20] It is possible that Murray was already in a co-partnership with Browning and James,[21] but only Murray's name appears on the deed. In two deeds transacted in January 1879, Murray sold the land[22] and "machinery coals materials goods chattels and flour also the Books of account and all credits debts and effects" etc. relating to the bakery business that the three had been operating.[23]

It wasn't long before this building went the way of Browning's first bakery. On the afternoon of June 22, 1879, a fire started in the house of Thomas Percy at the corner of Water Street and Mill Lane. By the time the firemen arrived from the Fort Townshend station, the house was almost totally enveloped in flames. Attempts to contain the fire to the original house were not successful and wind caused it to spread to the whole block. The houses on the other side of the lane caught fire and the "destroying element rushed on in the direction of the bridge, sweeping away everything in its course"[24] including the building and stores of G. Browning & Son. These were completely destroyed along with 400 bags of bread and 1,000 barrels of flour, and, presumably, the elevator. Seventeen houses in all were lost, nearly 100 persons were left homeless, and those working for Browning's were thrown out of their employment until the buildings could be rebuilt. And, rebuild is just what Browning did – this time in stone. In October 1879, the Brownings purchased the land where the fire had started thus expanding their foothold in the West End.[25]

The year 1879 was a very busy one for the Browning family. In January they had enlarged their presence in the baking industry with the purchase of the Riverhead plant. The loss of the physical plant in June followed what must have been a highpoint in Browning's business life. But life would go on and personal matters would also have to be attended to. In August Browning became the owner of Richmond Hill, one of his early accomplishments in St. John's.[26] And, finally the year came to a joyful ending with the marriage of his eldest son and business partner. On December 17, James married Mary "Minnie" Topping at the residence of her uncle the Rev. M. Harvey.[27]

Until 1882 Gilbert and James would work together to grow the business. In September 1882, Browning died while on a trip to Scotland, leaving James in charge of the business. James' time at the helm would be short-lived as he died suddenly in August 1885. It now fell to John Browning[28] to assume responsibility for a business that provided an

RICHMOND HILL
(44)

Richmond Hill from Jean M. Ball, *A gift of heritage* http://collections.mun.ca/u?/hist_trust,341

income for a number of employees as well as his mother Elizabeth, and three unmarried sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Jean, who all lived at Richmond Hill.

The next few years would be uneventful, at least until 1914, when, once again, the bakery went up in flames. On October 2, 1914, the Browning facility was practically destroyed in a fire that left only the mason work standing. By the time that the Central and Western fire companies arrived they could do nothing but confine the fire to the bakery and attempt to save the property and residences nearby. This time some of the machinery was spared and, as always before, the plant was rebuilt and business resumed.[29]

The business was doing well enough to have survived for 60 years when others had failed. Joy gives a summary of the comings, and goings, of the major bakeries that were in business in the 1890s. In 1890 they were: John B. and G. Ayre, G. Browning & Son, A. Harvey & Co., J. and G. Lash, B. and T. Mitchell, and the Terra Nova Bakery Company Limited. By 1913 only three were still operating: John B. Ayre ran a bakery on his own, while G. Browning & Son and A. Harvey & Co. still operated as businesses. There were also three major new firms in the bakery and confectionery trade in 1913: Rennie Baking Company, F. B. Wood Company Limited, and McGuire's Bakery.[30]

G. Browning & Son under new leadership

Some time after the First World War, John Browning's nephew James Crawford came to St. John's to help manage G. Browning & Son.[31] When John died in 1921, Crawford succeeded him. The company probably continued to produce hard bread, but times, and consumer tastes, were changing. Most bakers were producing plain and fancy biscuits, syrups and aerated waters, jellies and jams in addition to soft and hard bread and G. Browning & Son was keeping up with the times. An advertisement in 1922 describes some of their products in mouth-watering terms. One can almost taste the "rich chocolate coated marshmallow on a dainty wafer" or the "dainty wafers with a rich, creamy filling."[32] Along with the products, Crawford also restructured the company. In 1924[33] it was incorporated and, in 1931,[34] merged with A. Harvey & Co. This merger brought to an end the competition that had existed for over 60 years between the companies started by Gilbert Browning and Alexander J. Harvey. From 1931 they would grow, and change, under the name of Browning-Harvey, Ltd. While the connection to the Browning family is somewhat tenuous at this point,[35] it is interesting to look at a capsule history of Browning-Harvey and wonder how Gilbert would have viewed the course that his company would take.

After the merger, the Riverhead plant was modernized into what the *Newfoundland Quarterly* called "The Sunshine Factory" in reference to its artificial lighting.[36] New machinery was installed which would allow for the production of 40 different varieties of biscuits, not hard, but sweet, and packaged in tins. One of the labels used on the tin containers featured the Newfoundland partridge and the goods were marketed under the slogan, "The taste will tell."[37] The factory employed approximately 60 people in a facility that had been designed "for their comfort, and for the turning out of a food commodity under scrupulously hygienic conditions."[38] The production of hard bread would be moved to the east end, the location of the A. Harvey plant.

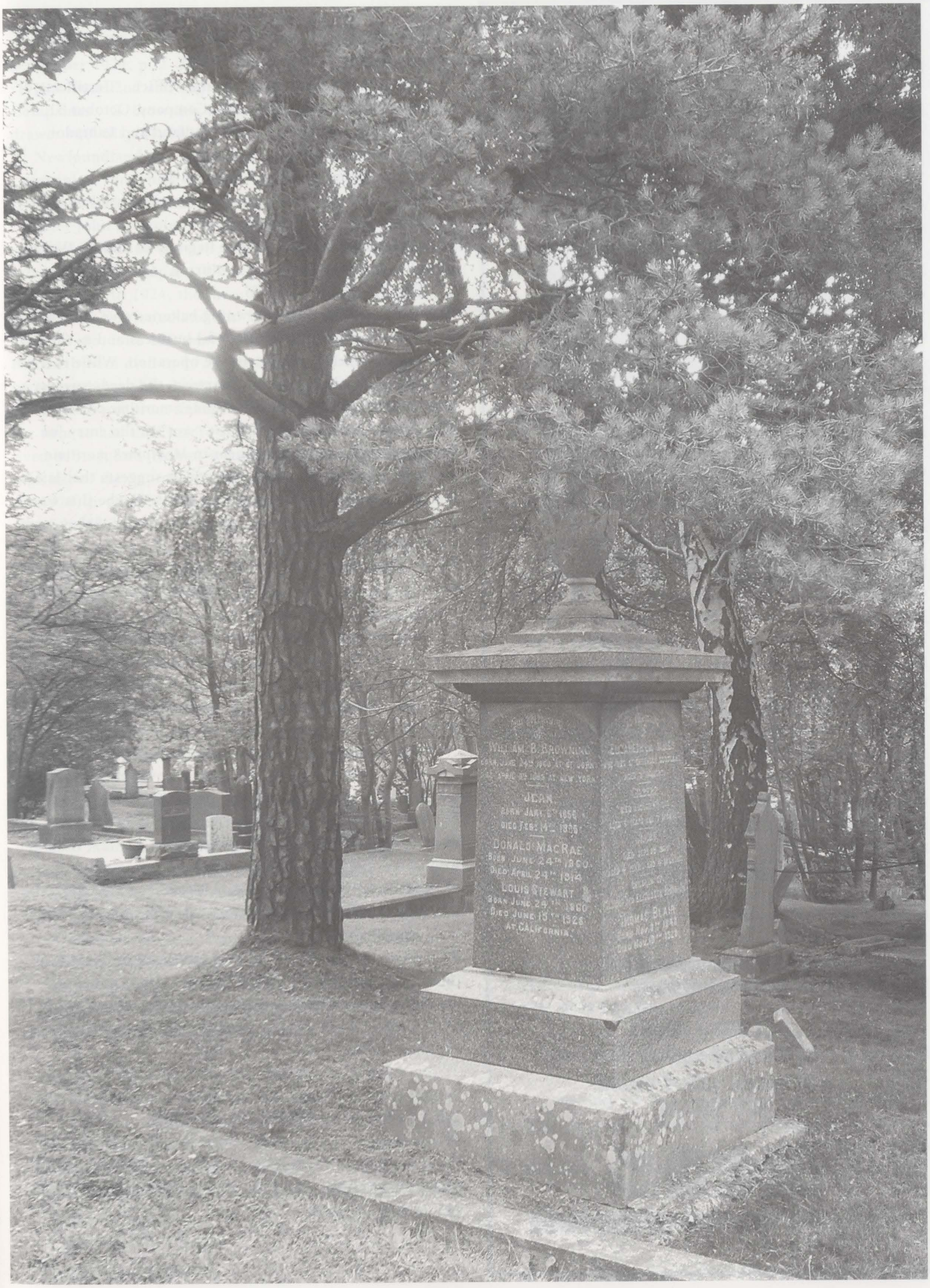
The two companies, separately well known for demonstrating progressive management styles, didn't loose any of this edge when they came together. In 1935 they introduced a revolutionary product – Cheeze-lits. The *Daily News* touted this invention as being the "biggest advance in the candy line since the introduction of egg-milk and cocoa combinations." The product was advertised as providing "everything for perfect nutrition," liked by young and old, and something that men could take on shooting trips.[39] However, it would be another first that would have a much more lasting influence on the company's future.

In 1931 Browning-Harvey Ltd. had opened a small bottling plant adjacent to the west end plant and had started to bottle Browning-Harvey flavours. This would be the plant where Pepsi-Cola was first bottled in 1944 after Reginald C. Harvey, Alexander's son, obtained a franchise to bottle the soft drink.[40] Initial sales of Pepsi-Cola in 1944 amounted to about 10-20 cases a day of 12-ounce bottles that sold for seven cents each. By 1994 about 5,000 cases of Pepsi in various sizes were being sold daily with the "regular price...for a 355 ml tin of Pepsi being about a loonie."[41]

In 1951 a modern $1 million bottling plant was built on the east corner of Mill Lane and Water Street. In 1963 production was moved to a larger, more modern plant on Ropewalk Lane. The building at Riverhead is still there and, while it no longer produces Browning's bread, there is fittingly enough still a bakery in it. If you look closely at the building, you can still see the letters "BR" on the upper right hand corner of the front. These, the first letters of Browning-Harvey Ltd. seem to be hiding behind the red paint that refreshed the building a few years ago. For those who observe them, they serve as a reminder of a time when the Browning family produced a Newfoundland mainstay.

From hard bread to Pepsi Cola, arguably from one Newfoundland staple to another, in less than a hundred years. Gilbert Browning, entrepreneur that he was, would probably be pleased with the present company that bears his name – especially as it is the first to be seen when one reads Browning-Harvey. NQ

Suzanne Sexty is Honorary Research Librarian, Memorial University of Newfoundland Libraries.



Browning family headstone in General Protestant Cemetery, S. Sexty

[1] H.F. Shortis. "Historical records: hard bread..." *Shortis papers*, v. 7, no. 239, p. 7.
[2] Purity Factories Ltd. website. Accessed at http://www.purity.nf.ca/hardandsweet.html on July 20, 2009.
[3] Great Britain, Ordnance Survey, *The Ordnance Survey gazetteer of Great Britain*," p. 535.
[4] Henry Youmans Mott, *Newfoundland men*, p. 261. Also accessed online at http://collections.mun.ca/u?/cns,26300 on August 5, 2009.
[5] Based on information on the headstone in the General Protestant Cemetery and that found in cemetery records, church records, wills, and newspaper accounts, the Browning family consisted of: twins Elizabeth and James (died in Greenock at the age of 3 months), Elizabeth (1844-1929), James (1846-1885), Thomas Blair (1848-1928), Mary (1850?-1929), Jean (1853?-1906?), Gilbert (1855-1860), John (1857-1921), twins Lewis Stewart (1860-1928) and Donald MacRae (1860-1914), William Boyd (1862?-1893), and Janet (1864-1868).
[6] Mott, *Newfoundland men*, p. 261.
[7] Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "George J. Bond to Gilbert Browning," Central District, v. 27, folio 50, August 22, 1879.
[8] Elizabeth Browning died August 24, 1929 (headstone in General Protestant Cemetery) and the house was sold to James M. Baird October 29, 1930 (Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "The Royal Trust Company Executors to James Makinson Baird," v. 116, folio 246, October 29, 1930).
[9] Mott, *Newfoundland men*, p. 261.
[10] Various deeds found at the Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds.
[11] Moses Harvey. "Our Newfoundland letter." *Gazette* (Montreal), July 23, 1878, p. 2. Accessed at http://staff.library.mun.ca/~ebrowne/harvey/html/GazJul78.html on July 17, 2009.
[12] *McAlpine's maritime provinces business directory for 1870-1871* lists J. Browning & Co. as "boot and shoemaker" and *Lovell's province of Newfoundland directory for 1871* shows James Browning with a tannery at 127 Gower Street.
[13] Newfoundland and Labrador. Registry of Deeds. "James Reid to Gilbert Browning," v. 18, folio 552, April 1, 1864.
[14] *McAlpine's maritime provinces directory for 1870-1871*, p. 1114. Accessed at http://www.ourroots.ca/e/toc.aspx?id=1278 on August 7, 2009.
[15] *Hutchinson's Newfoundland directory for 1864-65*. Accessed at http://www.ourroots.ca/e/toc.aspx?id=1276 on August 5, 2009.
[16] *McAlpine's maritime provinces directory for 1870-1871*, p. 1171.
[17] John Joy, *The growth and development of trades and manufacturing in St. John's, 1870-1914* (Memorial University of Newfoundland, M.A. thesis, 1977).
[18] Great Britain, Colonial Secretary's Office, "Certificate of Incorporation of Vail Joint Stock Company, October 31, 1863." Public Archives of Newfoundland and Labrador, GN2/15/A, box 1, file 7.
[19] "Otis: a visual timeline," accessed at http://www.otisworldwide.com/d31-timeline.html on July 29, 2009.
[20] Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "Vail's Joint Stock Company to James Murray," Central District, v. 23, folio 420, April 21, 1875.
[21] Most accounts of the Browning bakeries give 1867 as the date that Browning bought the Vail business and as the year that James joined his father in the operation. While it is not possible to absolutely prove otherwise, the deeds suggest a later date for the purchase. *McAlpine's maritime provinces directory for 1870-71* does not use "son" in the entry for Browning, but "son" does appear in *McAlpine's maritime provinces directory for 1880-1881* which suggests that James did not join until sometime in the 1870s. Maybe this was in 1879, when they bought out Murray, or earlier if they were co-partners with Murray.
[22] Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "James Murray to Gilbert Browning and James Browning," Central District, v. 26, folio 293, January 4, 1879.
[23] Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "James Murray to Gilbert Browning and James Browning," Central District, v. 26, folio 292, January 15, 1879.
[24] "Great fire in the West End." *Evening Telegram*, June 23, 1879, p. [2].
[25] Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "Thomas Percy to Gilbert Browning and James Browning," Central District, v. 27, folio 25, October 29, 1879.
[26] Newfoundland and Labrador Registry of Deeds, "George Bond to Gilbert Browning," Central District, v. 27, folio 50, August 22, 1879.
[27] "Marriage." *Morning Chronicle*, December 23, 1879. The marriage announcement describes Mary Topping as being from Brooklyn, NY.
[28] John Browning (1856-1921), businessman, community figure, and member of the Legislative Council (1920) married Adeline Elizabeth Hubert in 1894.
[29] "Browning's bakery destroyed by fire." *Daily News*, October 3, 1914, p. 3.
[30] Joy as based on information in *Might & Co.'s Directory, St. John's, Harbor Grace and Carbonear, Newfoundland, 1890* and *St. John's Newfoundland directory 1913...*
[31] Bert Riggs, "In command of the Church Lads' Brigade." From the files of *The Gazette*, February 4, 1999. Accessed at http://www.heritage.nf.ca/cns_archives/43riggsfeb04_1999.html on July 27, 2009.

32 "Biscuits! The everyday dessert," *The Veteran*, September 1922, p. 2.
33 Newfoundland and Labrador, Registry of Companies, "G. Browning & Co.," company #654, drawer #19, May 27, 1924.
34 Newfoundland and Labrador, Registry of Companies, "Browning-Harvey Co.," company #1096, file #41128-98, September 25, 1931.
35 After John Browning's death in 1921, only his widow Adeline and his sisters Elizabeth and Mary had interests in the company. When the company incorporated in 1924, the three received a cash settlement (Newfoundland and Labrador, Registry of Deeds, v. 86, folio 280, May 28, 1924). Mary and Elizabeth both died in 1929. Adeline moved to Florida sometime before her death in 1950. Browning's other children do not seem to have directly benefited from the firm or had died before 1924. Donald M. (d. 1914) lived in St. John's. He was a lawyer, politician, and later registrar of the Supreme Court and of deeds. Lewis S. (d. 1928) lived in St. John's, Montreal, and California where he died. In St. John's he operated an iron foundry that specialized in making and selling stoves. Thomas B. (d. 1928) lived in St. John's, Toronto, and London. He was a lawyer, Canadian consul in London, and a writer of journal articles on subjects as diverse as Communism, the Bering Sea question, and the Franco-Newfoundland controversy. Browning's only grandchildren, Gilbert and James Herbert, by his son James and wife Minnie, had moved to Brooklyn when she left Newfoundland after James' death.
36 "A modern biscuit factory – Browning Harvey Ltd.," *Newfoundland Quarterly*, October 1931, p. 33.
37 Gilbert Browning would have liked a slogan that was so close, in sentiment, if not words, to one that he had used in and advertisement for coal that he was selling in 1879. The advertisement declared that Browning coal was "The People's Favourite."
38 "A modern biscuit factory...," p. 33.
39 "Newfoundland first," *Daily News*, October 1, 1935, p. 3 and advertisement on p. 1.
40 "Browning Harvey," *Business News*, May 2009, p. 4
41 "Pepsi bottler celebrates 50 years in Newfoundland," *Evening Telegram*, June 17, 1994, p. 17.

REVEILLE

As we approach the 100th Anniversary of WWI, Bert Riggs presents a series of profiles of Newfoundland soldiers and veterans.

James R. Steele (1888-1970)

One of the best known members of the Newfoundland Regiment in World War I is Lt. Owen Steele of St. John's, who, in the aftermath of Beaumont Hamel, was struck in the thigh by a piece of a stray shell on July 7, 1916 and died the following day. His letters home to family members and his war diary have been edited, first by his sister, Ella, and more recently by historian David Facey-Crowther, whose edition was published by McGill-Queen's University Press in 2002.

Less known is Owen's younger brother, James, also a member of the Regiment, who was injured but survived the carnage at Beaumont Hamel on July 1, 1916. James Robert Steele was born in St. John's on July 19, 1888, the second son and second of ten children born to Sarah Blanche Harris and Samuel Owen Steele. Only fifteen months younger than his brother Owen, the two boys grew up together, and shared many of the same interests.

Their initial schooling involved private tutoring, the Methodist College and Bishop Feild College, but James was forced to leave the latter institution in April 1902, three months before his fourteenth birthday, to work on the family farm. The brothers were quite interested in athletics and were avid race walkers, finishing first (Owen) and second (James) in a 20-mile walking race sponsored by the St. Andrew's Club in 1909. James finished in the medals in a similar race in 1910 and set a record time of 8 minutes in winning a one-mile walk sponsored by St. Andrew's in 1913.

James and Owen Steele were both working in the family business, S. O. Steele's crockery wholesale establishment located at 100 Water Street, when war was declared in August 1914. Owen was one of the first to join up, on September 2, 1914, and was assigned regimental number 326. He went overseas with the First Five

Newfoundlanders tackling reserve dugouts, their first work at Suvla, 1915.

Hundred on board the *SS Florizel* in October. James did not enlist until January 11, 1915 (regimental number 926), sailing for England on March 20 aboard the *SS Stephano*, arriving in Liverpool on the 30th.

After a period of training at Edinburgh and Stobs Camp in Scotland and at Aldershot, on the Hampshire Plains of England, during the spring and summer, he left for the eastern Mediterranean with the rest of the Regiment on August 20, arriving in Alexandria, Egypt, eleven days later. From there the Regiment was taken by train to Cairo, where it spent time becoming used to the hot climate before being transported to Mudros on the Greek island of Lemnos, off the entrance to the Dardenelles.

It was from Mudros that the Newfoundland Regiment entered into the actual fighting in World War I. On September 19, almost one year after the First Five Hundred had left St. John's, they were taken aboard the coastal cruiser *Prince Abbas* and sailed to Suvla Bay on the northern side of the Gallipoli Peninsula. It was here they would remain for three long months. It was here they would encounter the enemy for the first time, fire their first shots, sustain their first casualties, bury their dead, and lose many of their number to trench foot and frost bite. And it was here that they gained their first battle honour in the capture of Caribou Hill (as it became known), a knoll that sheltered Turkish snipers, about halfway between the two rows of trenches.

The Steele brothers survived the rigours of the Gallipoli campaign, including a freak rain storm in late November that turned the trenches into rivers, before it turned to sleet and, later, snow, with below freezing temperatures. And then in March 1916 it was off to France where new challenges awaited.

On the morning of July 1, 1916, James Steele was one of the 801 members of the Newfoundland Regiment that went over the top at Beaumont Hamel, on the opening day of the Battle of the Somme. Steele, by then a sergeant, was wounded in the head; he later recounted the events that followed in his diary: *During the day, whilst lying wounded, I saw quite a few wounded men crawl towards the remains of a large tree which was about one hundred yards*

from our trenches; this, of course, was a death trap as all places like this are marked by the enemy for ranging purposes, and it was shelled unmercifully later during the day, which finished the poor wounded chaps lying there for shelter.

Toward night, two or three of us managed to crawl back, little by little, to our trenches, where we arrived about 11:00 p.m. The Germans, evidently expecting another attack, were then beginning to bombard our lines again. The trenches were in a very bad state, being damaged considerably by gunfire and littered with our dead, dying, and wounded. … [A] few days later, found myself in Wandsworth Hospital in company with many of our Regiment.

He spent several weeks at Wandsworth, a casualty hospital near London, and then underwent a period of convalescence in Yorkshire, close to where his aunt Laura Bottomley lived. He did not immediately rejoin the Regiment upon his release, but remained in England, where he was enrolled in a series of training courses at Trinity College, Cambridge, in January, February and March of 1917, preparing the way for his commission as an officer in the Regiment. These courses included Military Law, Interior Economy & Gas, Rations and Billets and Uses of Fire in Open Warfare.

Steele received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant on May 29, 1917 and soon rejoined the Regiment in France. He saw action throughout the rest of 1917 and early 1918 and sustained a second injury at Ypres in March 1918, which, in effect, ended his tour of duty in Europe. On July 2 of that year he was reassigned to special duty on the home front as officer in charge of a group of 30 men who were stationed on Bell Island to guard against attacks by German submarines. He remained in that post until the end of the war and on March 10, 1919 retired from the Regiment and returned to civilian life.

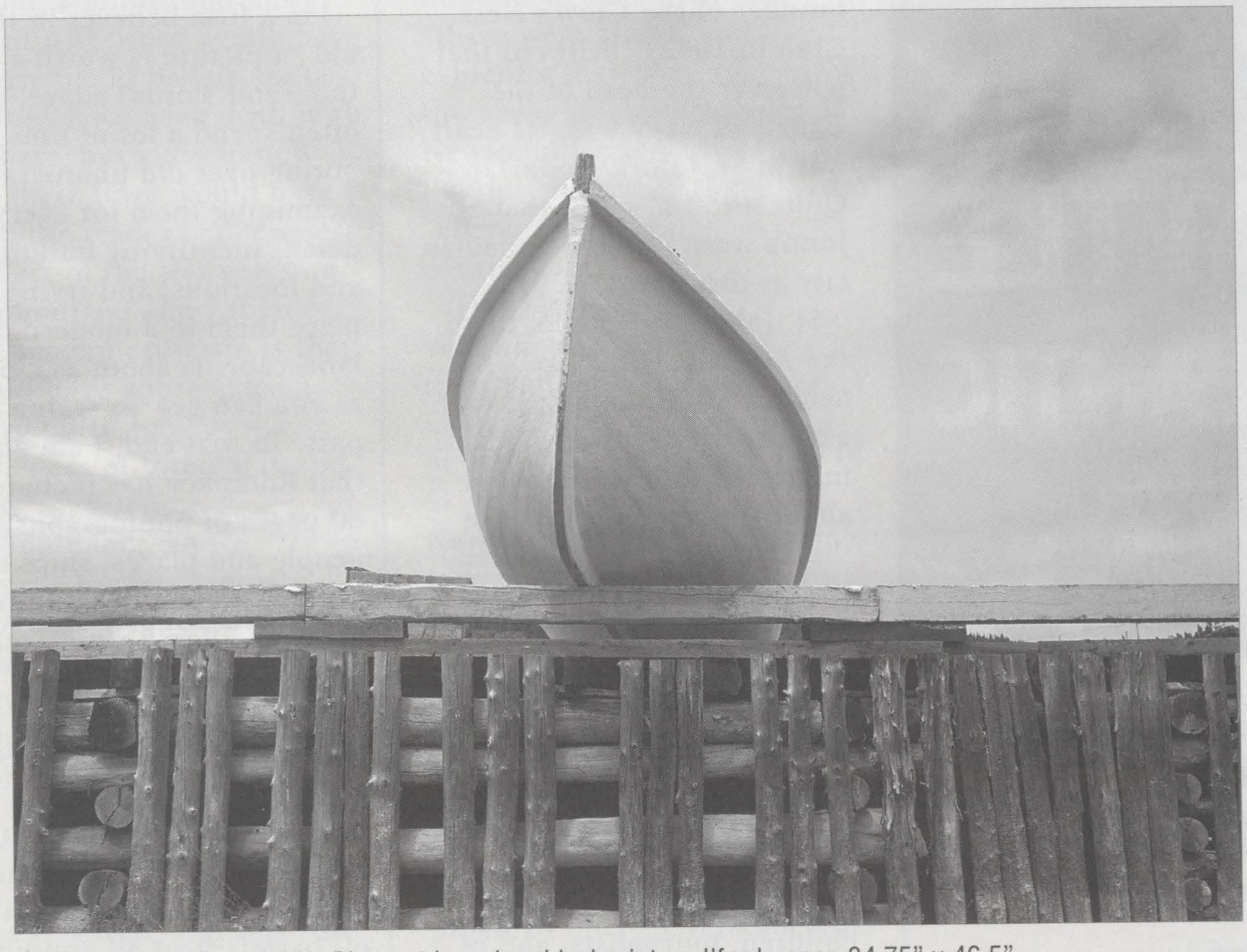
One of Steele's many responsibilities on Bell Island was the feeding of the 30 men under his command. The meal plan for the period September to November 1918, which he devised, indicates that the men were provided with plain but hearty food, with breakfasts consisting of fish and brewis, pork and beans, sausages or porridge; dinner, the main meal of the day, served at noon, was either roast beef and potatoes, salt beef and potatoes, stew and potatoes or salt fish and potatoes, while tea, the suppertime meal, was a simple fare: bread and butter with jam or cheese, hash, fish cakes or prunes.

During the 51 years that followed Steele's release from the Regiment, he worked in his father's crockery business, with he and his brothers Victor and Richard and their sister Ella taking over management of the business in 1921 when their parents relocated to England (S. O. Steele had been born there). Richard struck out on his own in 1925 and shortly after her father's death in 1936, Ella joined her sisters who had accompanied their parents on the move to England. James and Victor ran the business until James's death in 1970 and Victor's retirement in 1976. James's son James and his wife Frances continued to manage the business until 1989 when changing supply and retail market conditions resulted in their decision to close down operations.

James Steele married Amy Gertrude Stevenson of St. John's on August 6, 1919 and they were the parents of three children, Isabelle, Owen and James. He died on March 10, 1970, 51 years to the day after his release from the Regiment. In addition to his service to Newfoundland and the allied cause in World War I, James Steele's legacy lies in his affinity for sound business management and his ability to supply the quality dishes and crockery ware that met the needs of people all over Newfoundland, from everyday tableware to the finest English China. There was hardly a home in 20th century Newfoundland that did not have something from S. O. Steele's and many still do. NQ

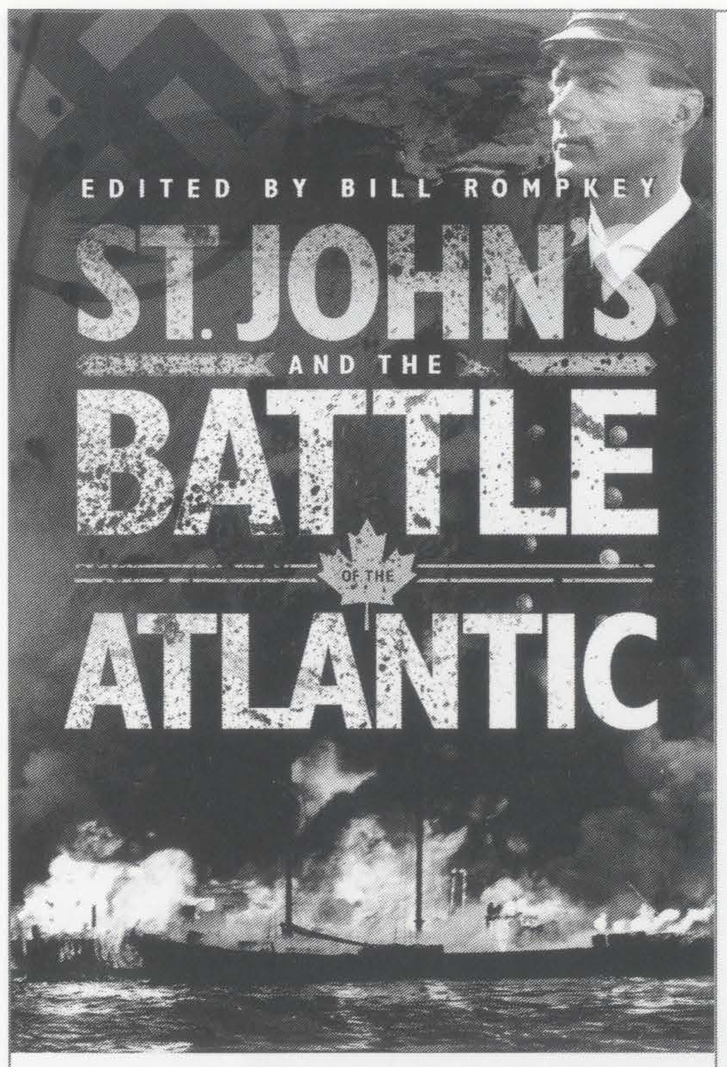
Bert Riggs is an archivist, English teacher and author whose most recent book is Grand Bank Soldier *(Flanker Press).*

NED PRATT



Straight Shore Punt, 2008. Pigment based archival print on Ilford paper, 34.75" x 46.5".

Greenhouse, Peter's River, 2008. Pigment based archival print on Ilford paper, 34.75" x 46.5".



St. John's and the Battle of the Atlantic
edited by Bill Rompkey
Flanker Press 2009
266 pages $19.95

The World War II years were possibly the time of the 20th century that determined the future of Newfoundland and Labrador. This is debatable, of course, mostly because of our decision, in 1949, to become a Canadian province. But it is also arguable that the Second World War was the catalyst for that choice, the event that set us, finally and irrevocably, on the road to Confederation. Without the presence of American, British, and Canadian citizens, ships, goods, and money that accompanied the War, it is possible that Newfoundland and Labrador would have taken a different political path. Consider that in the Foreword, Vice-Admiral Daniel Mainguy (Ret'd) writes that his father (a co-founder of the Crow's Nest Club in 1942) "believed that wherever the head of the Canadian Navy was, its heart was in St. John's" (p. xi). Quite a claim, given that St. John's wasn't even a Canadian city at that point.

St. John's and the Battle of the Atlantic, edited by Senator Bill Rompkey, is an excellent read for anybody interested in learning more about this crucial period in the history of Newfoundland and Labrador. In this book, Rompkey has brought together excerpts from eleven different published works by nine different authors, ranging in date from 1944 to 2003. These look at St. John's in the Second World War from the point of view of children, journalists, and of course sailors. Rompkey's 50-page introduction is a good overview of the political and military forces that were at work in Newfoundland and Labrador, and particularly St. John's. He traces, if briefly, the social and structural effects that the War had on St. John's, in terms of the vast amount of construction and development of military bases, the use of St. John's as an R-and-R (Rest and Relaxation) depot, the relationships between visiting servicemen and the local population, and the development of a cash economy. His introduction is sprinkled with quotations from various sources, adding a variety of viewpoints and voices to the story of St. John's in wartime.

I'm a firm believer in the old "a picture is worth a thousand words" adage, and I often spend a lot of time poring over old photographs, examining them for every detail. Identifying buildings and locations, and trying to place them in a modern day landscape, is about as close as you can get to seeing the past. To that end, I am glad that Rompkey has included 60 pages of photographs, of people and places, ships and sailors. It's one thing to read about the Rescue Tug *Tenacity* fighting the fire at the Imperial Oil premises on the South Side on June 24, 1944, but another to see the photograph of the tug with her bow buried in the smoke, while dented and blackened oil barrels float all around.

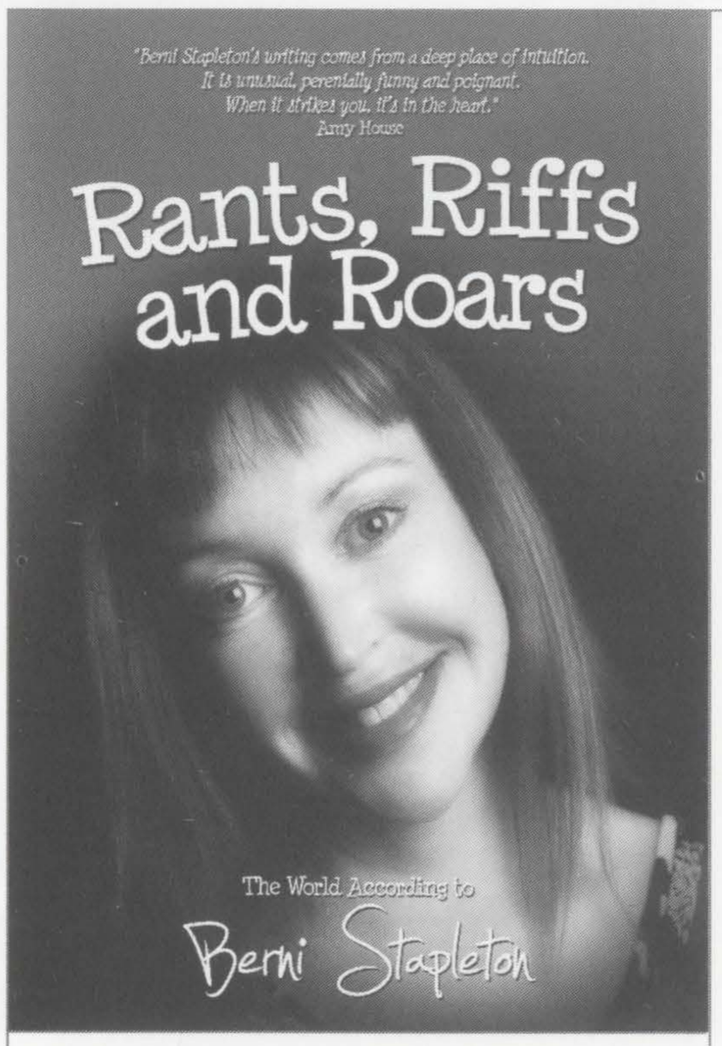
There are two things I would have liked to have seen, or seen more of, in this book. The first is a more in-depth look at the economic, social, and political effects of the military presence in St. John's and Newfoundland and Labrador. In the Afterword, (what I feel may be the book's most interesting section), Rompkey discusses in a couple of pages the effects that the Canadian and American presence in Newfoundland had, culminating in the shifting of Newfoundland and Labrador from the British to the North American, and especially Canadian sphere of influence. And what is the purpose of a book like this, if not to better understand how we came to be where we are today? To

that end, a longer and more detailed Afterword would have been useful. To be fair, these questions have been dealt with elsewhere, but a discussion along these lines would have helped the reader better assess the effect of the war years on Newfoundland and Labrador.

The second criticism is that I would have appreciated a more detailed look at the experiences of foreigners and "aliens" in wartime Newfoundland, whose treatment has been largely passed over in this book. In the Introduction, Rompkey briefly discusses the case of a Finnish sailor named Roald Ekholm and his family who were "installed at the Balsam Hotel for three and one half years" (p. 20) after Ekholm's ship was seized, and this case is apparently the basis for Rompkey's statement that "there were aliens, and evidently they were treated in the usual gracious manner of Newfoundlanders" (p. 19). I'm not convinced that all "aliens" were treated so courteously.

This book is an enlightening, varied and thorough look at a brief period in the history of St. John's, a period that changed the fate of St. John's and of Newfoundland and Labrador forever. It is full of observations and insightful stories about how the Battle of the Atlantic was fought and won and the men and women who waged it. It is also an excellent snapshot of a place and time about to change forever, and the glimpses provided into the relationship between Canada and Newfoundland during the Second World War are intriguing, and sometimes fascinating. For example, it is interesting to read this sentence: "By the appearance of things [Newfoundland] will be one of the tough nuts for Canada (with the help of John Bull and Uncle Sam) to crack, once the soldiers, sailors, and airmen pack up and go home." Written by Leslie Roberts in 1944, it seems eerily prescient 65 years on. With the benefit of hindsight, one wonders what exactly Roberts meant when he wrote those words, at a time when St. John's, still the capital of a British Dominion, was home to ice-encrusted Canadian corvettes, and Canadian sailors by the thousands. NQ

– Keith Collier



Rants, Riffs and Roars: The World According to Berni Stapleton
Killick Press, 2009
188 pages, $17.95

The man in my life just left me. He packed his bags…well, no. Actually, I packed his bags for him. Me and my Mom and Dad packed his bags for him, did his laundry, ironing, mending, shopping, folding, sorting and packing, because he can't manage to find his own underwear to save his life, not even when they're lying on the bedroom floor looking at him.

- Motherhood

Like I probably shouldn't be doing this review, right? Like it's none of my lookout what Bernie Stapleton wants to write, or not write. I mean it's her business and I was never one to go around commenting on other people's business. Even someone I've occasionally worked with, which in full disclosure I have worked with her, which you know anyway as a reader of the *NQ*. I just meant to take a quick peek at it, is all. But then I was, what's the word? Beguiled. Rapt. Hooked.

She's got all kinds of stuff into it, see. Short pieces and whole plays and I don't know what else. *Offensive to Some*, and *Woman in a Monkey Cage. Confessions of an Aging Ingénue* and *Beauty Tips for the Vain and Deluded*. Sometimes it seems like her and sometimes it's a whole different person. A welfare goddess. Mary Magdalene. A woman with breast cancer. I don't know what that's about. I mean she mentions the odd bit of medication, but I wouldn't presume.

And, like, she's supposed to be funny, right? And some of this is not funny. You think it might be, so you start reading, but then realize no, even though there's lots of wit it's dead serious stuff, about women in trouble, in their marriages or in their minds. Like serious topical issues, I guess. But you still can't stop reading because you're right involved. And then there you are with your heart broke because of something Berni Stapleton wrote:

My heart was strong, and so firmly in its proper place. But a strong heart is no good when everything else is failing. I look back and see my wake behind me but I don't remember everything. Not all of it. I remember the Pope. He didn't come to see me, of course. He came to bless the fleet. I remember that part. The sun beating down on Lourdes while His Grace blessed the little fleet, the boats sailing in, their wakes trailing behind them. And I was holding Granny's hand, a little girl, with my breasts and all my brief life still before me.

- Laugh, I Thought I'd Die

But it's not all sad, or anything. She's snappy enough, no flies on her. That's my opinion, although like I said I was never one to blab. I keep my opinions to myself. She can write, that's all I'm saying. NQ

– Joan Sullivan

NEXT ISSUE

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NEWFOUNDLAND HISTORY QUIZ

by Bert Riggs

Send us your answers to be eligible for a prize. In the event of a tie, the winning entry will be drawn from the best responses. Send your entries to: **Newfoundland History Quiz**, *The Newfoundland Quarterly*, 4014 Spencer Hall, 220 Prince Philip Drive, St. John's, NL A1B 3X5, E-mail: nfq@mun.ca

Cuisine

1. What present-day seafood delicacy was considered to be an indication of abject poverty if it was learned it was being eaten by outport residents in the 18th and early 19th century Newfoundland?

2. What species of bird, harvested for its meat, feathers and as bait, was extinct in its Newfoundland habitat by 1800 and throughout the world by 1844?

3. What Newfoundland fish product is the core ingredient in the Portuguese dish bacalhau?

4. What Newfoundland berry, rich in Vitamin C, is marketed as jam, jelly and liqueur under its more common botanical name of cloudberry?

5. What even-toed ungulates were imported to Brunette Island off the south coast of Newfoundland in 1964 because it was felt the province could support another big game animal?

6. Who was the St. John's woman who operated world-renowned restaurants in Long Island, New York, and in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in the 1950s and 1960s?

7. What St. John's-based business was established in 1924 to manufacture cookies and biscuits?

8. What member of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment from World War I is credited with introducing English-style fish and chips, served with malt vinegar and wrapped in newspaper, to Newfoundland?

9. What traditional French Christmas baking custom is still observed in some parts of Newfoundland more than a century after the French relinquished their rights to the Treaty Shore?

10. What late-19th century St. John's businessman offered for sale such luxury items such as fresh and salt water oysters, honey in the comb, spiced and plain tripe, pigs' head cheese, red currant jelly, pears, pickled cucumbers, and fresh crisp celery from The Royal Market at 112 Water Street?

ANSWERS TO LAST QUIZ

Architecture

1. What Italianate-style building, designed by Halifax architect David Stirling, was constructed in St. John's following the Great Fire of 1846 and is still part of the city's built heritage?

The Bank of British North America (now the Anna Templeton Centre on Duckworth Street).

2. Architect and stonemason James Purcell is responsible for designing what St. John's public building?

The Colonial Building begun in 1847 and officially opened on January 28, 1850.

3. The mansard roof was one of the innovations introduced to house styles in St. John's in the period following the 1892 fire by what English-born architect?

James Thomas Southcott (1824-1898).

4. By what name is the traditional two-storey, peaked-roof house often found in Newfoundland outports commonly known?

The saltbox.

5. What Tudor-style guesthouse, designed by architect Andrew Cobb, was officially opened on June 30, 1924?

The Glynmill Inn, Corner Brook.

6. What Newfoundland-born architect was awarded the prestigious Donaldson Medal upon his graduation from the Bartlett School of Architecture, University College, London, in 1918?

John Dean Monroe Harvey (1895-1978).

7. Where is the White Elephant Building, one of the few remaining example of Moravian architecture in Labrador?

Makkovik.

8. What St. John's suburb, one of the first planned residential suburbs in Canada, was originally designed as a "garden city" in the 1940s?

Churchill Park.

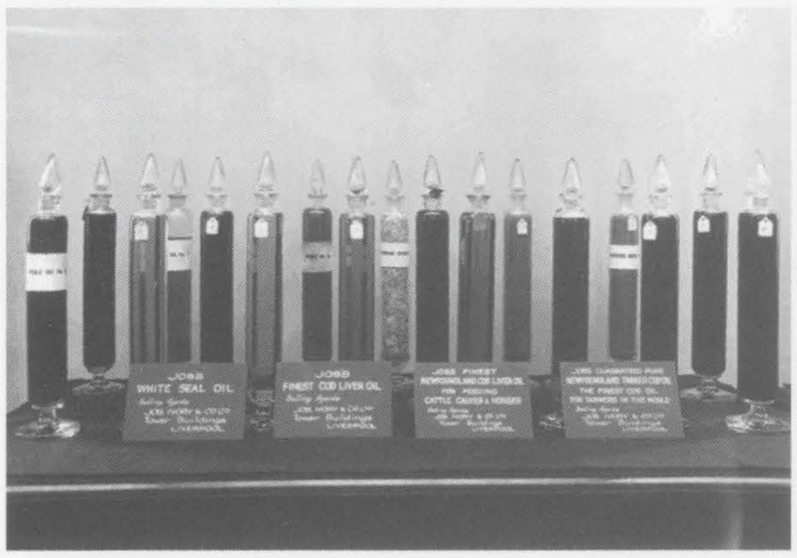
9. What St. John's building, one of the few examples in Newfoundland of "moderne" architecture, was constructed in 1943 but torn down in 2000?

Old Colony Club, St. John's.

10. Many Newfoundland merchant houses built in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, especially in the outports, were of a style named for which British monarch?

Queen Anne (1702-1714).

Mystery PHOTO Challenge

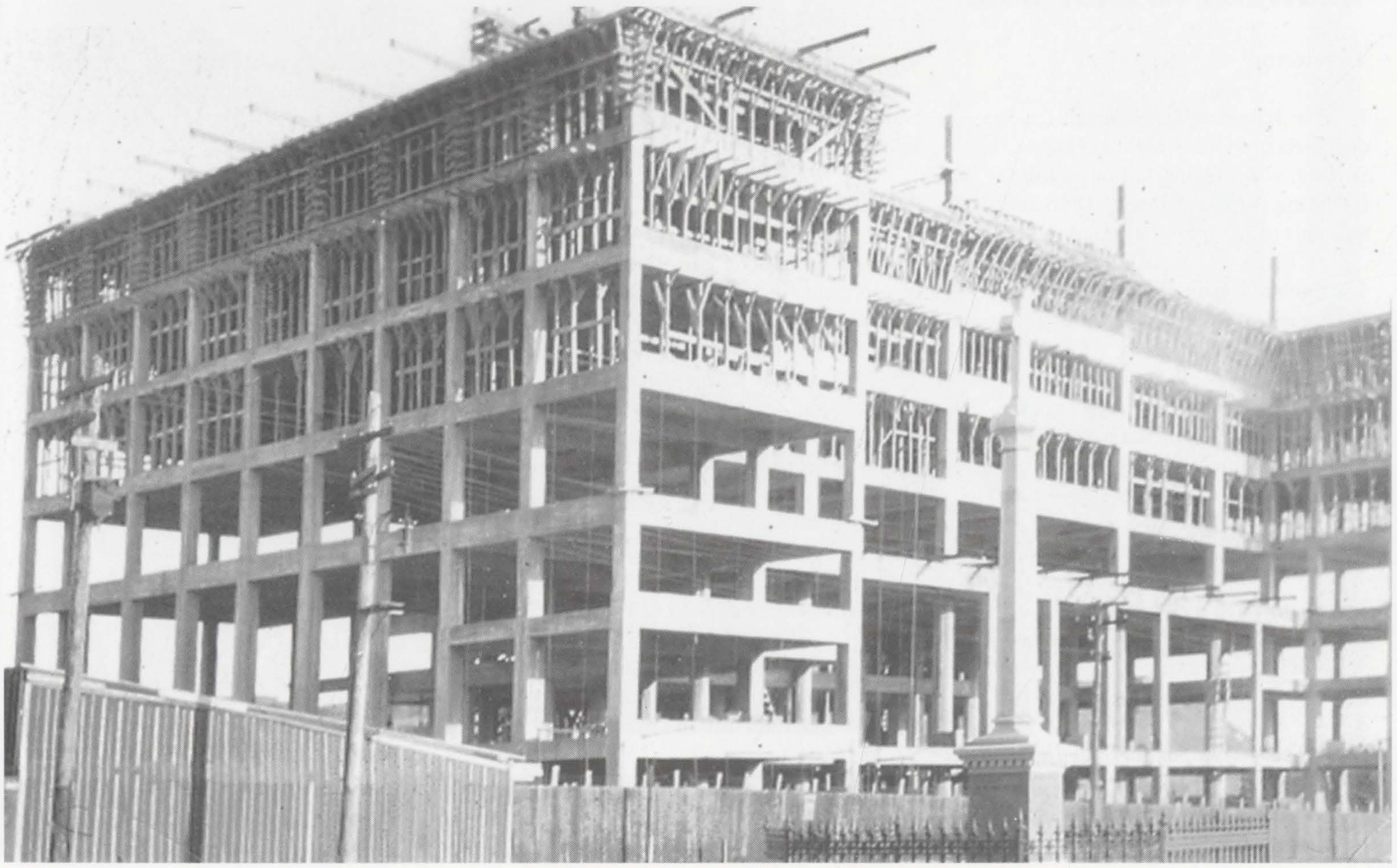


What is the date and title of the occasion of this display?

Mystery Photo 102 [1]

Our mystery photo winner is **Mary Bridson** of St. John's.

The Mystery Photo is of the Newfoundland Hotel being built in 1926. It was demolished in the early 1980s to make way for the present structure, the Sheraton Hotel Newfoundland. The commemorative cross in the foreground is for Ethel Dickinson, a St. John's nurse who died while tending victims of the 1918 Spanish Flu outbreak. The cross was erected in 1920.



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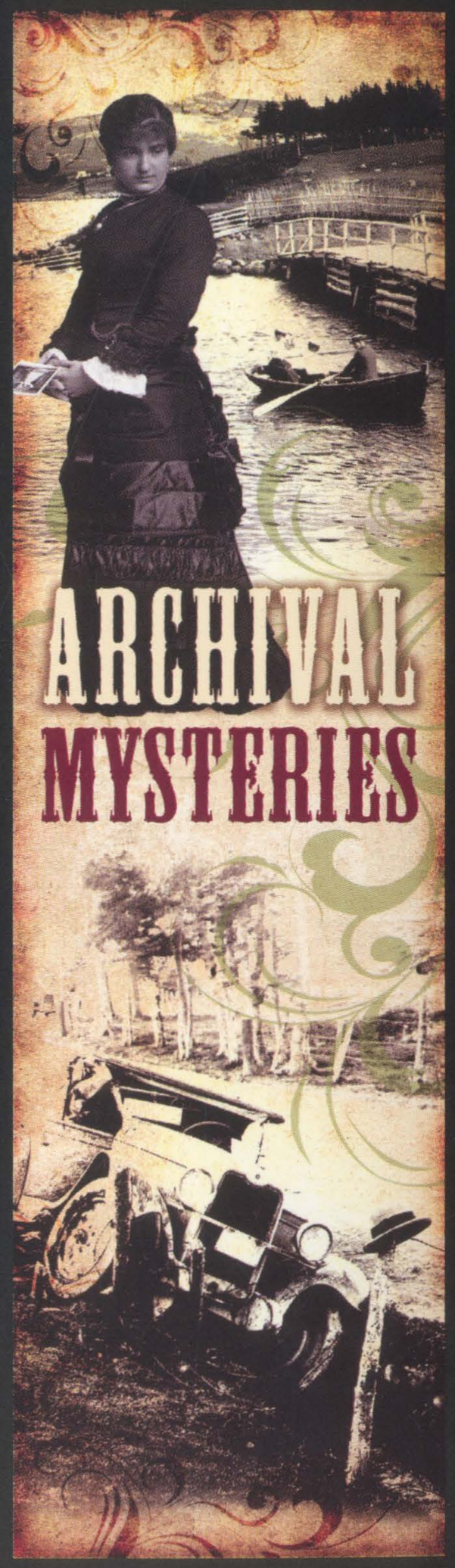
Can You Solve a Mystery?

Archival Mysteries: Where Is It? Now on Display at The Rooms

The first in a series of exhibitions featuring unidentified material from the collections of The Rooms Provincial Archives Division; Archival Mysteries: Where Is It? features digitally reproduced photographs, which although are beautiful, remain a mystery in terms of their geographical location. Visitors to The Rooms are encouraged to submit suggestions on image locations to assist staff in the identification process for these historic images.



Did you know that it's just a one time, $10 registration fee to obtain a permanent Researcher Registration number - providing you access to expert research assistance and the ability to explore specific research requirements and interests. Find all of this and more by visiting the enthusiastic staff at the Archives, they're always happy to help you on your journey through history.

Visit www.therooms.ca/archives for more information about The Archives and our searchable data bases.

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